

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, MARCH, 1842.

CALDWELL—LAKE GEORGE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

LAKE GEORGE, in the state of New York, is connected with Lake Champlain, and is in some respects, the most remarkable body of water on the continent. Such is its purity, that from the neighboring inhabitants it has received the name of Lake Sacrament. It is said to be chiefly fed by surrounding springs, and it empties its waters into the south end of Lake Champlain, above which it is elevated about one hundred feet. It is of late years much frequented by travelers, loungers, and sportsmen. Many of those who have sailed on its bosom, give very glowing descriptions of its varying and interesting aspects. The shadows of the mountains passing over its clear, glassy waters, and the varying tints and shades thrown upon it by the sunbeams reflected from the scenery of its shores, together with the majestic and enchanting character of that scenery to the eye of him who has a relish for the bold and wild in nature, are said to present a *tout ensemble* of almost unequaled interest. Caldwell is a small town at the end of the Lake, much frequented by visitors.

Original.

THE MOTHER AN ANGEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"How sweet to gaze upon thy placid brow,
My child! my child! like some unfolding bud
Of stainless snow-drop. Ah, how sweet to catch
Thy gentle breath upon my cheek, and feel
The bright redundancy of thy silken hair,
My beautiful first-born. Life seems more fair
Since thou art mine. How soon amid its flowers
Thy little feet will gambol by my side,
My own pet lamb. And then to train thee up
To be an angel, and to live for God—
O glorious hope!"

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

ANGEL is said to be a name of office. It is therefore applied to mortals. The Scriptures, as in the Apocalypse, denominate the ministers of Jesus, angels.* The word *ἄγγελος* signifies messenger, and may justly be applied to one employed by Providence, in some holy service for the good and happiness of others. For these appointees of Jehovah are *ministering* messengers. The *celestial* angels are "*spirits*, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation."

In heaven the angels are supposed to constitute various hierarchies. The Jews held that the orders were four—those of Michael, of Gabriel, of Uriel, and of Raphael. Of terrestrial angels there are certainly several orders. The first, or highest order, is composed of

Christ's faithful ministers. The second order is made up of the sanctified, or mature saints, who are ever moving on the errands of love, and ministering not only to each other's necessities, but also to the bodily or spiritual wants of any of God's creatures within their reach. The third order consists of the justified, or immature saints, who are employed in the same services as the former, but in a more humble sphere; such as is suited to the weakness of their infant states. These are *evangelical* hierarchies, which for their office and ministry are indebted to grace.

But there are orders of nature as well as of grace. They grow out of our private and public relations. The monarch and the subordinate magistrate are "*ministers of God*" to the people, and may in their office be called angels. Leaders of armies and subalterns—the commanders of vessels, and all other unassuming authorities, who have a perpetual or temporary official superiority and care over a given number of persons, may, as to their functions, be called angels, for they *minister*, and angel is a name of that kind of office. The relations of professional and private life are of the same nature. The teacher ministers to the pupil; the physician and the nurse to the patient; the patron or benefactor to the object of his kindness.

But I wish to select one other example from private life, which possibly surpasses all others, so far as the privileges and obligations of nature are concerned. I refer to the *mother*. In a sense peculiarly high and holy, she is an angel to her child. And this by the appointment, the power, the usages, and the fidelity of nature.

She is such by the *appointment* of nature. By this I mean, that from the beginning, nature places the mother in such a relation to the child, that she only can afford the necessary ministrations. Hers are vital functions, in which the very being of the child is involved. How affecting is this consideration to one who has firm confidence in the doctrine of the soul's immortality. And the fact cannot be disputed. Hence the assertion, that by the *appointment* of nature, (by which I mean the appointment of God,) the mother is an angel to her child. The ministrations of God's invisible, celestial messengers, in behalf of mortals, do not commence so early as hers. The infant passes under the watch and ward of angels from the mother's earlier keeping. The sacred treasure, with its immortal jewelry, is primarily intrusted to her custody; and by a divine constitution of things, all the unwearied energies of her nature are at first spontaneously, and afterwards with the zeal of glowing affection, pledged to the execution of her trust. Thus by the appointment of the God of nature, she is an angel—a minister of life and its supports to her child.

* See Revelations, chapter ii.

And this she is, secondly, by the *power* of nature; by which I mean, that as, according to the existing economy of nature, none other can, so by the same economy, the mother does minister to the child. She is abundantly furnished for her office. This is proven by all the indications of nature. Her maternal affections, as already hinted, are unfathomable and inexhaustible. She is prepared to meet every demand upon her patience; every sacrifice of comfort, and ease, and reputation, and health, and at last, of life itself, for the sake of her child. There is no such love as hers among mortals—none so deep, so abiding, and so self-sacrificing; or if this be disputed, none certainly that runs back like hers to the fountain of being, taking its rise, as it were, at the throne of God, by whose command its streams flow out and become prolific of life on earth and in heaven.

But the economy of nature empowers the mother to minister not only to the physical, but also to the mental and moral necessities of her child. She is the first prophet whose mission is accredited, and the first whose oracles are heard and revered. See how the smiling babe, reposing on the bosom of maternal tenderness, fixes its gaze of deep attention on the moving eye and lip of its parent. Speechless as it is, it is even now gathering from the expression of her features food for its thought, and examples for its carriage. Her calm or passionate—her meek or haughty behavior, are already impressing its unformed mind and heart, with sentiments which wait for development in the progress of coming years. Her brooding fondness, as she sits day by day cherishing its young and growing life, is nourishing in its immortal affections the dove or the serpent—a heaven of holiness, or a hell of poisonous and destructive passions. So true is this, that there are few of the saved or the lost who enjoyed in infancy a mother's protection, but will trace their felicity or despair in a future world to maternal fidelity or unfaithfulness. Such, by nature, is the *power* of the mother over the nursling of her heart. She is to it an angel of light, or a demon of destruction.

Thirdly; she is the same by the *usage* of nature. That is, in all nations and ages, the same indications of nature exist; and they seem to be universally respected. There was never a people so at war with nature and her dictates, as to disregard her monitions in this particular. Such a thing was not possible; because, if humanity in any age or nation became imbruted, even the beasts are subject to the same law. The dam instinctively feeds and defends its young.

Mankind in all ages have paid respect to maternal rights, and regarded its affections and its functions as holy. For early nurture and culture, the child is resigned by common consent to the sympathies and energies of her who alone is believed to have the resources, physical and moral, for so burdensome and wearisome a toil. She is not interrupted or hindered in her work, but contrariwise, is by the silent suffrage of the world, designated as the nominee of nature to the holy office which she fills. Furthermore—fallen and depraved

as the world is, it retains traces enough of its primitive constitutional features, to abhor a mother's disaffection to, or her neglect of her offspring, as contrary to nature, and as indicative of a depth of depravity which no other act of sin and shame can equal. Thus, while the mother stands as the appointee of the God of nature to guard and cherish the physical and moral being of her child, the world spontaneously pays her homage, and dare not interrupt her. If she fail to execute the functions of her office, hers is the sin—her unfaithfulness shall be upon her own head. For that God who made her an angel to her child, gave none else a like commission, and even published to the world by the strong voice of nature that of mortals, she alone was made the nurse and guardian of its life and immortalities. Thus by the very usages of nature, or of society under the dictation of nature, the mother is an angel to her child.

And this she is, lastly, by the *fidelity* of nature. By this I mean, that such is the state of her affections towards her child, that she would spontaneously and gladly endure the toil, and make the sacrifices necessary to a faithful execution of her trust. Whatever her maternal errors are, they do not generally arise from disaffection, or from a want of love to her offspring. How can they, when that love is the strongest passion of her heart? when she willingly foregoes pleasure and comfort and ease on her child's account? when she stands ready at any moment to expose and sacrifice her life to guard it? Surely with such feelings she would not willfully expose her child in its person or its choicest interests to harm and ruin. No; nature, the parent of those glowing affections in the mother's bosom, which so tenderly embrace, and would so promptly guard her child at every hazard and sacrifice, has imparted to her a spirit of fidelity which we can never sufficiently admire. God has impressed her very constitution with a law which binds her to maternal fidelity, and renders it peculiarly proper to say she is guardian to her child. Why, then, in so many fatal instances do we see the mother's efforts thwarted, and her ardent affections busied in vain, to guide her child so as to secure it from fatal misfortunes? This question is as interesting as the facts which suggest it are sad and distressing. In replying to it, I shall maintain the analogy with which I started, and still view the mother as a ministering messenger to her child.

We must reflect then, that there has been a great revolution in heaven. In the beginning all the angels were holy. They were perfectly pure in affection and faithful in obedience. They were employed in the service of their Maker, and their bliss flowed from his approbation and smile. But it was so in the progress of his government, that a portion of them became guilty of defection from the law and the love of their Maker. They rebelled, and were driven from their thrones, and despoiled of their dominions. They were still angels, retaining I suppose, faintly at least, all their original attributes, except moral purity, which gave place to the most malignant passions, and turned their new abode

into hell. As angels, they still *ministered* in the kingdoms of God, but not beneficently, as heretofore—not to the good and happiness, but to the injury, and if possible, to the ruin of the creatures.

When this world was created and man was formed to tenant it under the smile of God, these fallen angels attempted its ruin. In a measure they succeeded. They brought down the honor of our race, and laid it in the dust. This they accomplished by making man the agent of his own undoing—by leading him through treacherous persuasion to rebel, like themselves, against their Maker. Our rebellion produced in us the same moral effect which had followed in them their treachery to God. Our affections, which till then were pure as the light of heaven, and benevolent as the purposes of its throne, became earthly, sensual and devilish. From that sad hour, grace, which came to our fallen world through the death of Jesus, has operated to check these diabolical human passions, and over all willing and waiting hearts gains a perfect moral conquest, by which the subdued are made holy, and are employed once more as angels of light, in ministering to the needy of God's creatures. Others remain the servants of Satan, and in league with fallen, invisible spirits, are constantly inflicting evil and misery.

It follows, then, that there are two sorts of angels, good and evil, in the invisible and in the visible world. In the invisible they are separated, occupying different habitations called heaven and hell; but here they are distinguished simply by their feelings and conduct, and not by outward appearance or classification. The good and evil angels in human form sustain, in common, the various public and private relations which belong to this world, such as result from constitutional compacts and civil governments, and from the more intimate alliances of domestic life.

Every human being is in his relations an angel of light or an angel of darkness. The magistrate, the teacher, the physician, the patron, the neighbor, the friend, the member of a domestic circle over which he exerts any power, are all good or evil angels, to shed a pure or corrupt influence in a limited sphere. With regard to the evil it may be observed, that Satan chiefly carries on his work of destruction in human souls by setting depraved mortals to ruin one another. He can appear to advantage in the form of man, because we do not instinctively dread or suspect our own species. And when he can approach us through those who are, as Eve was by Adam, especially loved and confided in, he is most sure of conquest. Now none are so fully confided in as the mother. Childhood is credulous, and its confidence is easily won even by strangers; but towards a mother that confidence is spontaneous and universal, approving all her acts and words, be they right or wrong. And so far as affection would warrant this confidence, it is not misplaced, since scarcely a mother can be found who does not desire the happiness of her child, and purpose to promote it.

But Satan does not destroy in his agents the natural affections. He rather strives to turn them to his own

account. He blinds people to the consequences of their conduct. He sweetens the poisoned dish, which he puts into the hand of the mother; and she finding it pleasant to her own, ministers it with fatal zeal to the taste of her child.

Of all evil angels on earth, (I had well nigh said in hell,) none are so injurious to the virtue and happiness of mankind as these fond, but infanticidal mothers. If their evil agency but killed the body, it were bad enough; but alas! it destroys the soul. It nourishes an existence which many a child will deprecate as a curse for ever. And they themselves will be witnesses. An impious mother, moved by the instigation of the devil, can do more than all the world beside to make her child a demon. And she does it. She may never dream of such a thing, but she guides her little one to perdition. She is its pioneer to the pit. She is its angel, but alas! she is a fallen angel. Ordained by Providence to train its young affections for the pure felicities of heaven, she betrays her sacred trust, and fashions the soul which owed to her its very being for the unutterable agonies of despair. How? Like Satan in paradise, she chooses for it prohibited delights—fruits which God pronounced poisonous to the soul. First she gives it an example of indulgence. When that fails, she whispers to it encouragement to partake. When it turns to flee under the strivings of God's Spirit, she allures it back by soothing, deceitful words. With tones as treacherous as ever waked the echoes of the infernal dungeons, she guides the reluctant hand of her child, who plucks, eats, and is damned for ever. Well may she be called a **FALLEN ANGEL**.

The pious mother is an angel of light. She vigilantly watches every influence which approaches her child, averting the evil and invoking the good. With the pure and steady affections of devotion, she pleads in prayer for the new-born spirit which God has appointed her to guard and cherish. Her voice of devotion whispers to the fondling the name of Jesus, and the unwearied energies of her devotion lead the little one up the cross-bearing steep of religion towards the throne and the bosom of God. Will angels be ashamed of that sister spirit? Will Jesus refuse to confess her in their presence? Will God be displeased to hear his well beloved Son say to her, "Come, ye blessed of my Father?" Heaven is the proper home of such an one. Her sanctified spirit will be native to the regions which glow in the light of that holiness whose intense effulgence circles and pervades them for ever.

Well may we exclaim, **THE MOTHER!!** O the significance of that word! It suggests to the reflecting mind a scene more sublime than exists in the circle of creation. 'Connect it and its influences with probation, eternity, heaven and hell, and you will concede what I affirm. As to the faithful matron, who is the instrument of salvation to her child, angels might envy her. As to the godless mother, who is the instrument of her child's undoing, fiends themselves might fly her presence, accounting her too flagrantly vile to be received into the society of reprobate spirits.

Original.
ON DEATH.

BY L. M. LAWSON, M. D.

DEATH is the cessation of life. This definition, however, explains nothing beyond what is evident to the senses; and, as we attempt to unvail the process by which vitality is severed from its earthly associations, we seek not to lay sacrilegious hands upon holy and forbidden ground, but rather, to be the invited copyist in the great natural world.

Every species of organic matter, vegetable and animal, has a specific period of existence; in other words, peculiar laws *sui generis* in each instance govern and control the powers of life for a given period, when, through weakened energy, either by natural limitation or accidental violence, vitality becoming inadequate to sustain the failing system, death assumes control.

We distinguish two primary modes of death, *accidental* and *senile*; the latter signifies death from old age, the former from accident. Contrary to what might be presumed to follow the harmonious laws of nature, few individuals die from natural or senile causes. Inferences drawn from the most accurate statistics exhibit the solemn truth, that not more than one-tenth part of the human family reach that period to which the uninterrupted laws of vitality might extend.

If permitted to progress to a natural termination, the life of man would embrace about the Scripture period of "three-score and ten;" some, however, suppose that many circumstances combine to justify the belief, that a much greater time was never extended to any nation. True, say they, occasional individuals have greatly surpassed these limits. Thomas Parr, born in 1635, lived to the age of one hundred and fifty-two, and married at the mature age of one hundred and twenty. St. Patrick lived to the age of one hundred and twenty-two; Henry Jenkins, one hundred and sixty-nine; St. Mongah, one hundred and eighty-five. These, however, are individual peculiarities, and by no means illustrative of nationality.

Dr. Parr advances the opinion that prior to the deluge, one object of the Mosaic narrative was to preserve the genealogy of the children of Israel from Adam down, and successions of families or dynasties may have been represented as individuals. There has been no apparent change in the constitution of the globe, certainly none adequate to effect so material an abridgment of human life; and nothing to correspond with this change has been observed in inferior animals.

It is further argued, that if the term of man's existence has been diminished, it has occurred through the agency of natural causes; indeed, these are supposed to be numerous and potent, each directing an insidious but certain blow at the fated object, and achieving something towards the given end. If five thousand years ago human life extended to seven hundred years, whereas now it counts but seventy, there is of course but one-tenth part the period now there was then. Taking this as the basis of the calculation it will be found, should

the same causes continue to operate, that the human race would become extinct in less than five hundred years from the present time, and should now be rapidly diminishing instead of increasing. Opposed to all this, however, is the plain declaration of the Volume of Inspiration, which to most persons will be conclusive evidence.

Buffon estimates, that one-fourth part of the human race die before the end of five years; one-third before ten; one-half before thirty-five; two-thirds before fifty-two, and three-fourths before sixty-one. The mean period of the life of a child of three years is thirty-three—of an adult of twenty-one nearly the same. The age of sixty-six has equal chances with an infant. He estimates the most fatal periods at appearance of the teeth, puberty, twenty-one, twenty-eight, forty-five, and sixty-one.

Death from old age is with difficulty explained. We may turn to the various mechanical powers and combinations to exhibit analogies illustrative of man's decay—the action of wheel upon wheel, until by natural friction they cease to occupy their original space, and the failing power is followed by cessation of motion, is a feeble and imperfect figure when applied to the decay of animal life. True, the human organization is to a limited extent influenced by physical laws; but these are all modified and held in beautiful subordination by the vital principle, until that period arrives when Providence terminates life.

During adolescence, the vital principle maintains the ascendancy, and the system is increased and perfected, until physical organization is completed. From this period to about the fiftieth year, the mental and physical powers undergo many and important changes. Curiosity and activity of observation, so peculiar to youth, begin to mellow down in the more sombre shades of advancing years; and although the intellectual operations are prompt and energetic, and with an improved judgment subduing early passions, yet memory and imagination begin to fail, and change the mental constitution. The circulation during this period is reduced in force, but acquires regularity; and the development of animal heat is sensibly diminished. A desire and necessity for repose and sleep become manifest, and consequently the ability to sustain corporeal fatigue is greatly lessened.

When the meridian of life is passed, the beauty and harmony of laws that regulate the period of growth suffer a material change; the absorbing vessels gain the ascendancy, and the system wastes. A general, but gradual, and almost imperceptible diminution of vital energies, follows impaired nutrition; and, while the intellectual powers may glow with much fervor, the physical frame is rapidly passing down the vale of time. After the fiftieth year has been passed, all these phenomena are very remarkably augmented; and, while the external and visible signs are accumulating, internal causes are operating to effect such changes.

It was remarked in an article on LIFE, that in the lungs the blood undergoes important and vital changes,

capacitating it to sustain vitality; and that when this function was materially interrupted, the brain was immediately impressed by the morbid change, and deleterious effects, proportioned to the intensity of the cause, followed. In old age the action of the heart is enfeebled, and blood is not duly forced into the minute vessels; the consequence is, that the capillary system of the lungs, whose office is to transmit the circulating fluids for exposure to the air, contract in diameter, and exclude much that should be admitted. The brain is evidently that organ which *immediately* sustains the vital powers, and whatever impairs its integrity, reduces in the same ratio animal life. Then, the impure current of blood, which passes the lungs without due oxygenization, poisons the brain and nervous system, and rapidly reduces the energies of the entire body. Every function becomes impaired. The muscular power and contractibility become enfeebled, the superincumbent weight is imperfectly supported, and the body yielding to the laws of gravitation bows to the earth, as if already seeking an assimilation with its native elements. The external senses, particularly sight and hearing, are greatly blunted—observation and imagination become positively weak; but the retention of a good judgment renders the circumscribed intellectual operations still comparatively perfect.

The shadows of evening are now gathering around the path-way of the time-worn traveler. He beholds himself a scathed monument of decaying mortality. The cool zephyrs that fan his whitened locks, are the same balmy winds that met him in joyous youth. Yonder bright star that meets his dim vision, is the same shining orb that threw its sparkling rays upon his young life; and the burning light of day, is the same luminary that shone on his juvenile sports. But O! how changed the scene! While these remain the same, his own bright eye is dimmed—his cheeks are pale, and deep furrows mark the sinking frame—the nerves and muscles, that bore him onward as the agile deer, respond not to his tardy will, and the decrepid old man leans upon a *wooden staff* for support! The contractile power of the heart becomes slow and feeble, the blood is thrown imperfectly to the extremities—its temperature, and that of the entire body, is rapidly lowered—the warm blood of life cools as the stagnant pool—the vital spark, like the dying taper, glows an instant in the last struggle, sinks and burns again, as though aroused by renewed effort—the lungs expand not—the heart ceases to beat—the brain is inanimate—and the man is dead!

It is thus in man that a separation of the physical and spiritual relations occurs, and in the lower animals, the extinction of a more circumscribed association.

We next treat of *accidental* death.

The *immediate* destructive process in accidental death commences either at the lungs, the heart, or the brain. When one of these vital organs is at once invaded, death is sudden; but when disease attacks remote parts, the case may be protracted and lingering, but ultimately destroys life by interrupting respiration, circulation, or innervation. All men die by one of these modes, and

whether we recognize the intervention of ordinary disease, defective nutrition, effects of poisons, intense cold, mental emotions, or mechanical violence, the result is the same. The aid of the skillful physician consists in remedying an attack of the vital organs, or in preventing their invasion by remote disease.

Apoplexy is the term applied to death of the brain. Destruction of the cerebral organ—the seat of sensation, motion, and volition—occasions universal death, by annihilating respiration, and thereby the sensibility and contraction of the heart.

The most vital part of the human system is a portion of cerebral matter about half an inch square, intermediate between the brain and spinal marrow, denominated *medulla oblongata*, which is emphatically the “link that binds us to life.” The slightest injury of this part, mechanically or by apoplectic effusion, would at once extinguish life. Pressure of other portions of the brain, however, produces apoplectic stupor, but are less speedily fatal.

Cold-blooded animals possess great tenacity of life; and if there is a separation of the head from the body, that part in which the *medulla oblongata* is left, will retain sensation for the longest period. Thus, if the head is cut off so as to retain this vital part, it will evidence life longer than the body; but if it is left with the latter, then will the head die first. These facts account for serpents retaining life after decapitation, and even being capable of inflicting a wound.

In man consciousness does not exist, as some supposed, in the head after separation from the body. In the case of a criminal reported by Professor Bischoff, the countenance was examined immediately after the separation of the head, when all the features were observed to be tranquil without the slightest trace of pain or distortion. This criminal had confidently anticipated pardon, but upon the word “pardon” being shouted in his ear, not the slightest emotion was manifest.

Violent mental emotions, and electricity, instantly and permanently extinguish life, by producing cerebral palsy. Narcotic poisons, as the woorara, opium, and others, act directly on the brain, and in large doses destroy life, unless speedily counteracted.

The circulation of black blood in the brain is another cause of death. This process, however, commences in the lungs, and the brain suffers in consequence of the impure current sent to it from the pulmonary organs. This condition has been termed *asphyxia*, or death commencing in the respiratory system. This, however, is not strictly true, because death does not occur in consequence of depriving the lungs of any thing essential to *their* existence; but by destroying respiration venous blood is thrown to the brain, and *there* displays its noxious powers.

Asphyxia is witnessed in death by drowning, hanging, inhalation of poisonous gases, inflammation and congestion of the lungs. It is characterized in ordinary cases by difficult respiration, violet color of the face, lips and nails, stupor, insensibility, cessation of the action of the heart, and death. As a general rule, if

black blood has circulated in the brain for the space of five minutes, recovery is impossible. But if in case of syncope an individual fall into water, he may remain much longer and yet recover, because circulation ceased *first*, and black blood did not circulate.

Syncope is death commencing at the heart. In this instance the circulation is at once arrested, every part of the system is deprived of that indispensable stimulus, and the consequence is, general and complete death. Syncope, however, is not always necessarily fatal; indeed, in its milder forms, it is of common occurrence, and as frequently only produces temporary inconvenience. In bleeding, for example, fainting often occurs, yet death does not follow that simple operation. Fatal syncope, however, may follow great loss of blood, violent pain, mental emotions, and certain impressions on the organs of sight and smell. The heart, erroneously supposed at former periods, and still referred to as the seat of the affections, is the great centre of circulation; and a suspension of that power is at once followed by a cessation of all the vital functions, and vitality itself.

Although death may commence at the lungs, heart or brain, yet a close analysis of the subject exhibits the fact, that the *brain* is intrinsically the organ upon which the destructive influences are *finally* spent. Thus in asphyxia, black blood poisons and paralyzes the cerebral organs; while in syncope the brain is deprived of all blood, which is instantly followed by complete loss of nervous power. Death, then, is the result of *exhaustion, or suppression of nervous energy.*

When death has taken place in vital organs, those of minor importance next catenate in the dying series, until the entire body is a lifeless mass. Vitality having left the system, it is at once deprived of the preserving influences of organic forces, and is of necessity immediately placed under the control of physical laws.

The *signs* of death, it would seem, are *terribly* plain, yet they are not always *certain*. They are divided into the *deceptive*, the *probable*, and the *certain*. The *deceptive* are cessation of motion, absence of exhalation from the lungs, fixed eye, paleness and coldness. The *probable* include rigidity of the limbs, opacity and sinking of the eye, and partial gangrene. The only *certain* sign is absolute putrefaction.

With regard to the *pain* of death, or that which precedes it, no general positions can be assumed. When the brain is originally implicated, and death is produced by apoplexy, all sensation being destroyed, it cannot possibly be connected with pain. In asphyxia, when brought on gradually by a combination of causes, the greatest amount of agony is inflicted which we are capable of suffering—I say *agony*, because *pain* does not compass its horrors. No sensation can equal the terrible struggle attending suffocation. True, sudden asphyxia prevents continued suffering, but the pain is equally intense, though less protracted.

In syncope, painful sensations are experienced in the first stage of the process; but an entire cessation of sensibility so speedily follows, that death commencing at

the heart is comparatively tranquil. In all these instances, we perceive that the action on the brain is the cause of death. The conclusion, therefore, follows, that in *articulo mortis* all feeling is lost, and not the slightest physical sensation *can* be experienced. Excessive pain is often endured during the progress of disease; but when that point has been attained, which is to loose the Gordian knot, the brain has been so completely destroyed, as a necessary pre-requisite to produce death, that no sensation can be appreciated.

Thus ends life. After having struggled through the pain and turmoil of the first existence, and endured the pangs of a last conflict, the kind hand of Providence draws a narcotic mantle over the writhing body, an euthanasia spreads a last sleep upon the sinking frame, and all is still in DEATH.

WOMAN'S REVENGE.

SOME philosophers would give a sex to revenge, and appropriate it almost exclusively to the female mind. But, like most other vices, it is of both genders; yet, because wounded vanity, or slighted love, are the two most powerful excitements to revenge, it is thought, perhaps, to rage with more violence in the female heart. But as the causes of this passion are not confined to the women, so neither are its effects. History can produce many Syllas, to one Fulvia, or Christina. The fact perhaps is, that the human heart in both sexes, will more readily pardon injuries than insults, particularly if they appear to arise, not from any wish in the offender to degrade us, but to aggrandize himself. Margaret Lambrun assumed a man's habit, and came to England from the other side of the Tweed, determined to assassinate Queen Elizabeth. She was urged to this from the double malice of revenge, excited by the loss of her mistress, Queen Mary, and that of her husband, who died from grief at the death of his queen. In attempting to get close to Elizabeth, she dropped one of her pistols; and on being seized, and brought before the queen, she boldly avowed her motives, and added, that she found herself necessitated, by experience, to prove the truth of that maxim, that neither force nor reason can hinder a woman from revenge, when she is impelled by love. The queen set an example that few kings would have followed, for she magnanimously forgave the criminal; and thus took the noblest mode of convincing her, that there were some injuries that even a woman could forgive.—*Lacon.*

PLEASURE is to women what the sun is to the flower: if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, etiolates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

THE CHARMS AND USES OF CHARITY.

On the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians; by Dr. Tholuck, of Halle. Translated from the German by Rev. A. Miller.

Who has such an exalted mind, and such a happy faculty, as to be able to tell us what charity is? If I were to call her a dew, I would only have set forth her reviving influence; if I were to call her a star, I would only have represented her gracefulness; if I were to compare her with a storm, I would only have illustrated her irresistible influence; if I were to call her a sun-beam, I would only have described her celestial beauty. If I were to say she was begotten in the inmost laboratory of the heart, when the aspiration from on high is united with the life-blood of the new man, the breath of the soul, I would still not have given the full idea, for I would merely have told what she was in herself, and not what she is to others. If I were to compare her with the prismatic colors, reflected by the drops of pure water through which the sun-beams pass, even then I would not have given her true character; as she is not so much an object of vision, as something that may be tasted and enjoyed in the inmost chambers of the human heart.

Who is endowed with gift to tell what charity is? She is a flame which many waters cannot quench, and the floods cannot drown. Yes, she is a flame—a silent light and pure, which first cleanses, enlightens, and warms the heart in which she has taken up her abode, and then enwraps the hearts of others in her blaze; and the more she enkindles, warms, and enlightens others, the brighter she will burn in her own habitation. She possesses the wonderful power to open to every creature a door by which a communion may be kept up between man and his fellow. Yea, much more—she opens a door through which the Creator may approach the creature—through which the everlasting God may enter and take up his abode.

Take away charity! Alas, how solitary and lonely does all creation appear! How mute and motionless, with only some faint murmurings passing from sky to earth, and through all the ranks of being; for it is from her alone that inclinations to union from different parts of existence proceed, and she is a living, breathing melody in every creature. O who can describe the melody, when all creatures flow together in songs of charity! Thus the apostle, when dwelling in his exalted strain on charity, spake correctly when he represented a man having all knowledge and all faith, yet destitute of charity, as a brass which only gives a hollow sound; or at most only a tinkling cymbal, which has no life in the sound. Provided therefore it were possible for one, as the apostle says, without charity to have the gift of prophecy, and to understand all mysteries, and to remove mountains, and to bestow all his goods to feed the poor, yet all such rare virtues would only be like the visage of a beautiful person, upon whom is seen the paleness of death without a soul.

Since, then, it is charity* alone through which man

* Here charity is put for faith, or the proposition is unscriptural.

is brought into possession of divine life, (or a new life,) through an internal and joyous emotion of the heart, it cannot be otherwise than that such an one who has thus been changed, should desire nothing but God; and as he has opened his treasures of grace to all creation, that abundance and beauty might be distributed to all as much as they are prepared to receive, so also is the heart of one who has become a child of God always open to his fellow creatures around him, entertaining nothing but thoughts of kindness toward them, that from him might be distributed to his fellows of that which he has received. As the sun-beam passing through pure water will divide itself into seven colors, so it is with charity in a pure heart, that she will divide herself into more than seven-fold virtues; yea, much more, all virtues proceed from her. As Luther says, the command of charity is a short command extending far; a single command, embracing much; therefore it is said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." So the apostle also here shows a highly exalted and beautifully variegated mirror, reflecting that Christian charity which dwells in a pure and sanctified heart.

"She suffereth long and is kind," extending to every one a degree of that long-suffering kindness of which she is herself a subject. She also comes to the rebellious, not with the fiery language of "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," proclaiming that the axe is laid at the root of the tree; but with the gracious zeal of the Savior, who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

"Charity envieth not"—inasmuch as our gracious benefactor does not envy us, but daily offers himself to us with all the treasures of his grace and glory. Also where it may appear that a bounteous Providence has too profusely lavished his favors upon those who never offer up their thanks to their Benefactor, charity envieth them not; but resolves rather to wait the hour when they shall be brought to reflection.

"She vaunteth not herself; is not puffed up"—whereas our gracious Redeemer, notwithstanding he might have assumed an exalted station among his sinful creatures, yet chose to dwell among us in the form of a servant, condescending to visit the poor and the needy. Therefore, if her gifts are ever so exalted, yet she will always delight to dwell with the lowly.

"She does not behave herself unseemly"—that is, she never forgets the obligations she is under to others, where she can impart whatever of good she has in herself; much more recognizing in others what they have already received, and is therefore that principle of courtesy teaching us never to forget the honors that are due to rank, and talent, and virtue.

"She seeketh not her own"—as also her gracious Author did not seek his own in this poor world, having inscribed on every act, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"She is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil"—for notwithstanding all her sweetness is recompensed with wrongs, her sweetness will not be changed into bitterness, and she will only seek to reform the evil-doer;

and this as far as possible so as not to injure the sinner himself, but would much more rejoice to see her bitterest foes crowned with honors, and supplied with plenty, if by the exhibition of such long-suffering kindness they may be led to repentance.

"She rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth"—because she is herself so richly possessed of that light which comes from above, and from which all truth and righteousness among men proceed, as in this light being received by others, spreading itself in all directions she has an abiding joy; like the divine Savior who rejoiced at the faith of the woman of Cana, and the centurian of Capernaum: having a discernment so illuminated as to be able to distinguish between light and darkness, yet in darkness discovering some rays of light, which are hid from an obscure vision.

"She beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things"—that is, inasmuch as she only seeks the good of her neighbor, she is active and efficient wherever her aid is required. In fine, charity unites him that loves, and him that is loved; and is it not the fulfillment of that law which bids us "do to others as we would they should do to us." As there is no marriage union, at least such as God has pronounced his blessing upon, where one would not do for another what they would do for themselves, the two being one flesh; so also is he whose soul is filled with love to God—in every man he beholds his own flesh, and therefore labors and does for others what he does for himself.

Charity is greater than faith and hope, says the apostle; for beyond the bounds where faith and hope can go, charity will remain. All the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven are now only viewed as through a darkened glass; and all our knowledge is but in part, and of this we have no assurance but by faith. But the apostle speaks of a time when we shall know God even as we are known of him, from face to face: then, as we shall know the origin and being of all things, faith must come to an end. And again, as the sacred Scriptures have united faith with hope, as it fixes itself upon future objects, and especially on what we shall be ourselves; so when all shall be present, and time itself shall have passed away into eternity, hope with it must also pass away. But charity, which is nothing else than the door through which God enters the heart of man, and man becomes united with his fellow, never passeth away. This door in time was only a narrow gate, which even did not always stand open, but was frequently closed by some adverse winds; but it shall in eternity become a wide door, which shall stand open day and night. No storm of wind shall close it, and the soul shall have free course in her communion with God and the saints. O, has charity already made us so rich in this world, if it even has only been a faint brook which many a time, under the rays of a scorching sun, would almost become evaporated? How rich, then, will she make us when the small brook shall have become a stream, yea, an ocean; when in a full torrent from God the stream shall flow, and sin no more

raise an obstruction in the heart; and when there shall be a free, intimate intercourse between heaven and earth!

Original.

INFANCY.

"Gaze on—'tis lovely! childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought—
Gaze—yet what seest thou in these fair and meek?"

HEMANS.

Who thus can look upon the infant brow
And not feel strong emotion stir within?
If interest vast, in God's own cunning work
We ever feel—if in the babbling brook
And waving tree we read his wisdom deep;
How, when on this fair miniature of man,
Transfixed by quiet sleep, we fondly gaze,
Can we feel aught but wonder, at the Power
That gave it thus, all glorious as it is,
Into our charge to fashion for the heavens?
As gazing on its fair and peaceful brow,
We forward look when he his part shall act
Upon the world's great stage—the babe a man.
He in the smiles of fortune then may bask,
And by the wise may fondly be caressed,
Or from the great win well deserved applause—
He in that tiny hand the varying scale
Of empires yet may strongly, proudly hold;
And his now feeble, wailing voice may give
Mandates which shall unsheath the vengeful sword
Of nations outraged by tyrannic power.
And may this wee thing thus in coming years?
Then be it ours to wrap and cherish it,
Till it can climb the rugged Alpine heights,
And stand among their everlasting snows—
Upon the mounts of old Jerusalem,
The hills of famed Judea trace its way—
Or on the arid plains of Afric's waste,
Or by the Ganges' darkly rolling flood,
Or o'er the islands of far southern seas,
Its feet, obedient to God's will, may stray.

But look again—and think, as parents oft,
In serious, solemn hours, are wont to think—
What part he'll bear before the throne of God!
What sorrows deep may gather round his soul
In the deep realms of darkness and despair!
What seas of anguish may before him roll,
Through which his course must lie to that long sleep,
From which the trump of God his dust shall wake!
Disease and death his certain lot. But O!
Afflictions keen shall bring him to his God;
Shall sanctify the soul from earthly dross;
And death, although his hand be icy cold,
Unlock the golden doors of bliss, through which
The Lord's redeemed shall pass to endless rest.

SALINDA.

Original.
NATURAL SCIENCE.

BY PROFESSOR MERRICK.

BIRDS.

Who does not love the birds, with their beautiful forms, their graceful movements, their cheerful songs, and rich attire? What a blank in creation without them! But they are *useful* as well as beautiful; and not merely those which have been domesticated by man and appropriated exclusively to his private use—for the wild bird that frequents the solitary glen, often does man important service, though it may be unacknowledged and unknown. True, sometimes when the hawk picks up a plump chicken for his supper, or the crow uproots the young corn, or the robin supplies its wants from the cherry-tree, a curse falls upon the whole feathered tribe; still none would be willing that a law of extermination should be passed against the birds. What, no birds to tell us when the spring has come, to greet us on a summer's morning with their merry song, to mingle their notes with ours at the vesper hour, to flit along our path, to build their nests and rear their young in the shrubs and trees around the door, to destroy the noxious insects which would otherwise prove destructive to our flowers and fruits! No, let the birds live, and let the truant boy whose *destructiveness* seeks exercise in cruelly taking their lives without provocation, learn to love what is so "beautiful and fair in nature," and direct his destructive powers against something which contributes less to the happiness of all.

Though it is not the season of birds, I propose to furnish a few articles on their structure, size, covering, voice, &c., with the natural history of a few interesting species. This, I trust, will not be unacceptable to the fair readers of the Repository, for birds "improve upon acquaintance."

The average size of birds is much less than that of quadrupeds, the largest of the former not exceeding the medium size of the latter. Their range of size is also less; some species of quadrupeds being but little larger than the smallest birds, while the largest of the feathered race appear diminutive in the presence of some of the gigantic species of the former. Still, this range is very wide. The *ruby-throated humming bird* is not more than two and a half inches in length, and its wings do not expand more than four or five inches; while the *ostrich* sometimes measures from eight to nine feet in height, and the *albatross* expands its wings to not less than twenty feet.

In the structure of birds we meet with much which is highly interesting, and which, in an eminent degree, affords evidence of design, and equally exhibits the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. Most that is peculiar in their structure is designed to adapt them to the medium in which they move.

For a number of reasons it is necessary that the head of birds should be small, and on this account they are not furnished with the teeth, heavy jaws, and strong muscles of the mammalians. Being destitute of these, they do not masticate their food before swallowing.

This process is performed by a singular organ called a *gizzard*, which in its structure and mode of operation bears a strong resemblance to a common corn-mill. "It consists of two powerful muscles of a hemispherical shape, with their flat sides applied to each other, and their edges united by a strong tendon, which leaves a vacant space of an oval or quadrangular form between their two surfaces. These surfaces are covered by a thick and dense horny substance, which, when the gizzard is in action, performs an office similar to that of mill-stones. In most birds there is also a sac, or receptacle termed the *craw*, in which the food is collected for the purpose of being dropped, in small quantities at a time, into the gizzard, in proportion as the latter becomes gradually emptied."*

The pebbles always found upon opening the gizzard are undoubtedly necessary to assist in triturating the food. Thus furnished, the power of this organ is truly wonderful. The hardest substances scarcely resist its action. In experiments made by Reanmur and Spallanzani, "balls of glass, which the bird was made to swallow with its food, were soon ground to powder: tin tubes, introduced into the stomach, were flattened, and then bent into a variety of shapes; and it was even found that the points of needles and of lancets fixed in a ball of lead, were blunted and broken off by the power of the gizzard, while its internal coat did not appear to be in the slightest degree injured." After the food has been properly triturated, it is received into a thin muscular bag, situated in the lower part of the gizzard, where it undergoes digestion.

The *organs of respiration* in birds are also peculiar. The lungs themselves are not large, but there are numerous air-cells situated in different parts of the body, into which the atmosphere is received from the lungs. The cavities in the bones and larger feathers are likewise filled with air from the same source. The lungs do not expand and contract in respiration as in most animals; but by a peculiar movement the air is forced through them into the air-cells, and thence back through the same organ; so that the air may be said to be breathed twice at each respiration. It is obvious that this arrangement adds much to the lightness of the bird, and thus enables it to move with greater ease in its native element.

"In order that the body may be exactly balanced while the bird is flying, its centre of gravity must be brought precisely under the line connecting the articulations of the wings with the trunk; for it is at these points that the resistance of the air causes it to be supported by the wings. When the bird is resting upon its legs, the centre of gravity must, in like manner, be brought immediately over the base of support formed by the toes: it becomes necessary, therefore, to provide means for shifting the centre of gravity from one place to another, according to circumstances, and to adjust its position with considerable nicety; otherwise there would be danger of the equilibrium being destroyed,

* Roget.

and the body oversetting. The principal means of effecting these adjustments consist in the motions of the head and neck, which last is for that purpose, rendered exceedingly long and flexible. The number of cervical vertebræ is generally very considerable: in the mammalia there are always seven, but in many birds there are more than twice that number. In the swan there are twenty-three, and they are joined together by articulations, generally allowing free motions in all directions; that is, laterally, as well as forward and backwards. This unusual degree of mobility is conferred by a peculiar mechanism, which is not met with in other vertebrated animals. A cartilage is interposed between each of the vertebræ, to the surfaces of which these cartilages are curiously adapted; being inclosed between folds of the membrane lining the joint; so that each joint is in reality double, consisting of two cavities, with an intervening cartilage.

"It is to be observed, however, that in consequence of the positions of the oblique processes, the upper vertebræ of the neck bend with more facility forwards than backwards; while those in the lower half of the neck bend more readily backwards: hence, in a state of repose, the neck naturally assumes a double curvature, like that of the letter S, as is well seen in the graceful form of the swan's neck. By extending the neck in a straight line, the bird can, while flying, carry forwards the centre of gravity, so as to bring it under the wings; and when resting on its feet, or floating on the water, it can transfer that centre backwards, so as to bring it toward the middle of the body, by merely bending back the neck into the curved form which has just been described; and thus the equilibrium is, under all circumstances, preserved, by movements remarkable for their elegance and grace.

"Another advantage arising from the length and mobility of the neck is, that it facilitates the application of the head to every part of the surface of the body. Birds require this power in order that they may be enabled to adjust their plumage, whenever it has, by any accident, become ruffled. In aquatic birds, it is necessary that every feather should be constantly anointed with an oily secretion, which preserves it from being wetted, and which is copiously provided for that purpose by glands situated near the tail. The flexibility of the neck alone would have been insufficient for enabling the bird to bring its bill in contact with every feather, in order to distribute this fluid equally over them; and there is, accordingly, a farther provision made for the accomplishment of this object in the mode of articulation of the head with the neck.

"The great mobility of the neck also enables the bird to employ its beak as an organ of prehension for taking its food: an object which was the more necessary, in consequence of the conversion of the fore extremities into wings, of which the structure is incompatible with any prehensile power, such as is often possessed by the anterior extremity of a quadruped."*

*Roget

The contrivance for closing the foot when the bird is on perch, is beautiful for its simplicity and efficiency. The muscles which bend the toes are made to pass over the outer angle of the two lower joints of the leg, so that as these are bent the muscles are mechanically tightened, thus the mere weight of the bird when at rest, bending the joints, involuntarily closes the foot upon the limb on which it is perched. As the firmness with which the limb is grasped depends upon the force which bends the joints of the leg, the bird rests as secure upon one leg as upon both.

The mechanism of the eye and of the wing of the bird is also well calculated to excite the admiration of all. Upon these, however, I shall not dwell; but the above, I trust, will be sufficient to lead the reader to exclaim with one who was accustomed to look through nature up to nature's God, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."

Original.

AMBITION.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

AMBITION'S triumphs! how they chain the soul,
And seize the strong conception! how we love
To contemplate the martial hosts that move
To conflict, and to read the trophied scroll
Of him who reaches glory's glittering goal;
Who stands upon the starry height of fame,
And leaves behind him an undying name.
Come, votary of ambition! and unroll
The record of the past. Behold the end
Of earth's aspiring sons, who would ascend
Fame's rugged steep; like them thou too wilt fall!
In vict'ry's hour, thy laurel'd form shall bend!
The armless hand inscribe upon the wall
Thy doom, and dim oblivion o'er thee fling its pall!

Original.

TO THE SNOW.

BY MRS. BRAME.

Thou art come, in thy beautiful mantle of white,
As spotless and pure as an angel of light;
Thy step is as soft as a spirit's light tread,
And noiseless thy voice, as the voice of the dead.

Thou art come, and the boughs of the forest are dress'd,
In vestments as fair as those of the bless'd;
Thou art come! and the hills and the vallies are bright,
And each point, like a diamond, now glitters with light.
* * * * *
Thou art gone! but a blessing behind thee remains;
Thou hast moisten'd the hills, the vallies and plains;
And man, as he welcomes the spring's genial showers,
Shall see thee burst forth, in rich buds and sweet flowers.

Original.
THE CHRISTIAN.

—
BY DR. THOMSON.
—

THEY are mistaken who imagine that the Christian religion is unfavorable to magnanimity. The Gospel is a fruitful source of true greatness. Every genuine believer is a specimen of the moral sublime. He stands before us a pattern embodying whatever is lovely, and whatever is great in human nature. His imagination is kept glowing by the constant presence of an object, in comparison with which, the united glories of all the angels in heaven, would be but as the glimmering of the glow-worm. He perceives that every word he utters, every action he performs, bears itself onward to the last day, and to the eternity which must follow. All his motives, his plans, his purposes, have an endless sweep. He stands in the midst of a world of care and folly, looking steadily to the rescue of an immortal soul from sin and death, and the acquisition of an eternal crown.

But I have particularly in view the tendency of the Christian's *unity of purpose*, to confer magnanimity of character. It is not the performance of a few great actions that constitutes an illustrious name. It is the governing plan of the agent. How do we form an idea of an epic poem? Not by the imagery, the episodes, the diction; but by the plan, or design of the poet—the connection of parts apparently disunited, into one harmonious and beautiful whole. Here is shown the genius of the writer; here kindles the imagination of the reader. Why is the cataract so full of majesty? Because with all its currents and counter-currents, in the calmest hour, it heaves its mighty sheet of water to the foaming bed below. Why are we charmed at the history of an illustrious warrior? It is not his forced marches, his long campaigns, his hazardous voyages, his hair-breadth escapes, his midnight battles, the seas of blood pressed from human hearts by his footsteps, the thrones and sceptres crumbled by his touch, the prostrate nations bowing at his nod; but the union of all these things to the accomplishment of one object, the concentration of power in the hands of the victor, that excite our admiration and astonishment. Why is it that in this unity of purpose there is sublimity? Because it is a characteristic of the Divinity, and mind was formed to admire God. Look into the universe, that shadow of God's natural perfections. What unity, what harmony, what simplicity of machinery, to accomplish a multiplicity of effects. Behold gravity, pressing the humblest plant that opens its petals to the morning sun to the bosom of the earth, and putting forth its hand to bind the universe in one. Look into providence—all events concur to a common end. Look at redemption. If the seer prophesy, if the altar bleed, if the tabernacle rise, if the temple lift its spires on high; if Jesus comes, if he burst the tomb, or heal the sick, or cleanse the leper—whether he lives, or dies, or rises, or ascends, or sends his ministers to the ends of

the earth: a common object is kept in view, the release of earth from the dominion of hell.

Although we are predisposed to admire unity of purpose, we cannot consistently estimate human character without scanning the motive by which its plan is directed. If actions are to be estimated without reference to motives, there is no difference between the lion watering his dry jaws with the blood of his victim, and Buonaparte surmounting the Alps. But if character is to be estimated by the motive of the agent, then where shall we find a character truly great, except it be that of the Christian? How shall we estimate a motive? Not, surely, without reference to man's nature and relations. He is a moral, rational, and immortal being; he is a subject of God's government. Can that plan be approved which is founded in disregard of God's laws, which overlooks the endless life that lies before us? Nay. Where then shall we find dignified character? Shall we find it in the miser, who spends his life in gathering gold which he knows not who shall scatter, while he descends to the treasure of eternal wealth which he has heaped up for himself? In the warrior, who writes his name upon the scroll, to be wiped out a few days hence, while he himself descends to shame and everlasting contempt? In the sensualist, who buries his soul in the sepulchre of his senses, to have a resurrection in the flames that are never quenched? Or shall we find it in him who pleases conscience, obeys God, avoids hell, gains heaven, writes his name in the eternal histories, and plants himself as a star in the firmament of heaven for ever and ever?

I think I have never dwelt with greater admiration on the pages of profane history, than when contemplating Pericles in the Peloponnesian war, contrary to the wishes and judgment of every man, woman, and child in Athens, resolving not to march out to meet the foe, but to fortify the city, and wait the approach of the enemy before the walls. He goes not into any assembly of the people, that he may not be forced into any measure contrary to his own judgment; but as the pilot of a vessel in the ocean, buffeted by the midnight storm, having arranged every thing carefully, and drawn tight the tackle, exercises his own skill, disregarding the tears and entreaties of the terrified and sea-sick passengers—thus he, having shut up the city and occupied all places, and stationed his guards, went on and *followed his own plan*; caring little for those abhorring and exclaiming against him. Although many of his friends kept urging him by their entreaties, and many of his enemies assailed him by their threats and denunciations, and many sang songs and scurrilous effusions to bring him into disgrace, stigmatizing him as a coward, and as betraying the public property and honor to the enemy, yet he steadily pursued his own wise plans, and wrought out the salvation of the city. And yet the humblest son of God possesses a unity and energy of purpose surpassing that of Pericles. 'Tis not because he has no avarice that he does not rake together the glittering dust; 'tis not because he has no propensities that he does not plunge into sensuality; 'tis not

because he has no ambition that he does not pluck honor from the cannon's mouth, or wreath his brow with the civic crown; 'tis not because he has no pride, that he rebels not against the heavens. No, no; but because he, by the grace of God, puts forth his hands and binds the passions of his deathless soul with resistless cords. 'Tis not because he is unentreated and unassailed, that he pursues his simple plan. Friends persuade, foes denounce; one slanders, another sneers; now he is called cowardly, now enthusiastic, now unfeeling, now hypocritical, now stultified. Earth spreads its temptations all over her beautiful bosom, his own senses are avenues to temptations, his passions are allies to his foes: all hell surrounds him with a determination to destroy, and yet he pursues his way. No wonder that angels are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. The faithful Christian is worthy to be a spectacle to earth and hell and heaven. Methinks an angel might delight to leave the sapphire blaze of the eternal throne, to help him up the heights of glory.



Original.

SHADOWS AND REALITIES.

"O, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never rear'd a tree or flower,
But what 'twas sure to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

MOORE.

THE great defect in much of the sweetest poetry of the present day is, that while it awakens our sensibility and opens a current of feeling—while it pours a torrent of softness on the heart, and shadows forth to the imagination the bright imagery of its creation, it presents nothing safe and solid on which the mind can repose, when startled at the result of its own musings. The above lines are given as a fair specimen of this description, every feature of which is culled from the bowers of romance.

From "the cradle to the grave," the melancholy truth is stamped upon our memory—*we shall pass away*. Hence the dark and undefined forebodings that loom through the distant future. The minds of men, especially that portion of them just emerging from the indistinct dreams of youth to the meridian of mature life, are so generally plied with this feeble source of thought, that were it not for the benevolence of a Savior, who has condescended to instruct, and who still *"careth for us,"* the works of the preacher and Christian philanthropist would be barren of fruit, a forlorn hope. The Most High comes to the rescue, and by an exhibition of his power, severe though it may seem to poor blind man, opens his heart to conviction, and cleanses it from the debasing sensualities to which it so fondly clings.

It was once remarked by a very young person, who knew but little of "salvation by faith" in Christ, or

the strangeness of some of the dispensations of Providence, "I walked in the garden amid the roses and lilies; the honey-suckle was over and about me; the innocuous shrubs down at my feet: all warmed into life by the sun-shine, and watered by the dew of heaven. The freshness of the air, and unsurpassed loveliness of all around, caused me to lift my heart in thankfulness to the great Jehovah. But, alas, the sad and sickening thought, '*all must perish,*' closed the scene on this delightful banquet."

Such admonitory reflections are not uncommon, even among children. They are taught, and receive without appropriating it, the simple truth, that there is a presiding Deity who made all things. And though they may not understand the precise character of that change which comes upon the vegetable world—why the flowers fade, and the leaves wither away and die—it is a sort of philosophy that disposes the heart to listen to the invitations of Heaven. It is a voice from the skies calling us home to God, alluring us to brighter worlds. It corrects that romantic fancy, which too often subdues the nobler faculties of the mind, and keeps it on a stretch for something great and grand in this world of sin, and tells us that, "like the poor beetle which we tread upon," we must come down to dust and ashes. How fatal is that error, which leads the *mind* to dwell with rapture on the gay and airy associations of reckless poets, or suffers it to be darkened by the obscurity they throw over their superficial ideas.

There is no ray of light in the whole circle of man's philosophy to dissipate the gloom. We see the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and understand the nature of the solar system, and the relation the planets bear to each other; Socrates defined what justice was, and celebrated the praises of virtue; but the knowledge of all this does not unfold to us our origin, or the attributes of the Deity. Invention loses its power in the confused mass of subjects, and our hopes and expectations are given up to astonishment and surprise. This is the sum total of all our efforts.

The volume of Revelation affords the desired information, and its authority is sanctified by God himself. Here we learn the depravity of our nature, consequent on the fall of man—the immortality of the soul—the redemption of the world by the coming of Christ, and the boundless limits of that grace which is freely offered to all who repent and believe.

How utterly insignificant and puerile do the effusions of Byron and Shelly appear, compared with the majesty of the Scriptures. Men who were swayed by unholy passions, or dashed about by the breakers of licentiousness—they glitter like an insect in the morning sun, and fall to rise no more. Go, proud one, to the cross of your Redeemer, and learn the purport of his sufferings.

J. L. S.



ENVY, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion, confined within a circle of fire, will sting *itself* to death.

Original.

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

"There's more beyond."

WERE human life one unclouded day, in which pleasure was ever supreme, the very monotony which it would produce would tend to weariness, if not to pain. But such is not the order of Providence. Above, around, beneath us, change is the characteristic of all things. Day succeeds night—one season gives place to another—the ocean, though beautiful in its calmness, anon is lashed into fury by the wrath of the tempest—the heavens, now serene, presently become involved in clouds and storms. But not alone in the material world is change the order of the day; but man, who breasts the fury of the tempest and the storm, and brings under his subjection, so to speak, the elements of nature itself, is the theatre upon which changes, the most august and wonderful, are witnessed. In fortune, in circumstances, in his hopes, desires, and expectations, mutation is stamped upon all. Well might the poet speak of him as that

"pendulum betwixt a smile and tear;"

for there are moments when a feeling of sadness steals over even the gayest heart, and like the gathering shadows of departing day, mellow into tenderness the gairish beams of noon-day joy. However the busy pursuits of gain, the vaultings of ambition, or the simpler delights of domestic life may enchain us to one pursuit until habit begets a second nature, and our course seems still onward in this chosen routine, yet such is the law of our being, and such the order of Providence, that some obstacle springs up to break the even tenor of our way—to disengage the mind from the consideration of the evanescent things around our path, and by a reflex influence to look within to that complicated and mysterious agency which constitutes our being. For example—we all find ourselves possessed of every thing which can supply our wants, or gratify the more refined tastes of wealth or intellectual refinement. No accident mars our felicity—no misfortune clouds our brow—our friendships are sincere and reciprocal—our domestic joys know no diminution, and the heart luxuriates in all that the world calls *happiness*. But suddenly "a change comes over the spirit of our dream"—a wife—a child—some fond idol, with whom the affections of the heart were so closely entwined that it were like death to sever the link which united us to them, is snatched from our embrace; and that animated and beauteous being, in whom life seemed to wanton in excess now lies a tenant of the tomb,

"In cold obstruction's apathy."

No more can it soothe us in distress, or add energy in adversity. The gushing fountains of sympathy are chilled in the coldness of the tomb; and the lone heart, stricken by the bereavement, is left to bow in agony before the irrevocable decree. But though death thus invades our peace, and gathers to his dark domain the loved ones in whom our affections centred, yet with what force does the conviction come home to our minds

that they are not lost for ever!—that there is some spirit-land where, crowned with amaranthine garlands, they await our coming to join them in those bowers of joy! And why is this? wherefore the *assurance* which yields a solace to the wounded spirit, that "there is more beyond" this scene of toil and anxiety, and that this life is but the vestibule of the temple of existence? Is it but a fond fancy of my own, or does the common belief of humanity, and the teachings of an enlightened philosophy confirm this dogma?

I look abroad to the nations of the earth, and wherever I make the inquiry, whether in the refined halls of Grecian, of oriental, or Roman philosophy, or of the simple savage,

"——— whose untutor'd mind

Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,"

I find but one and the same response. Rude though the conception of what that existence is to the latter, and though the former may not have felt that unquestionable conviction which arises from a fully demonstrated proposition, nor the higher sanction of inspired revelation, yet it is not to be doubted that this belief was firmly rooted in the mind of both the one and the other.

The savage imagined that after the soul "shook off this mortal coil," it wandered in isles of beauty and light beyond the setting sun, and quaffed immortality from fountains of crystal purity, beneath bowers of undying fragrance. The arch imposter of the east debased his paradise to the level of sensual indulgence, and held out to his devotees the boon of immortality amid groves of perennial bloom, where Houris enraptured the soul of the brave, and were ever employed in unfolding new sources of delight. The more refined philosopher of the schools, though unable to gain any clear perception of "that bourne from whence no traveler hath returned," yet listened with docility to the voice of the soul; and from her aspirations—from

"The pleasing hope—the fond desire—

The longing after immortality"—

which filled his breast, "reasoned well" of her destiny. In short, all kindreds, and tongues, and nations, however diverse in their customs, or dissimilar in their intellectual or moral culture, are univocal in declaring that there is an immortality beyond the grave. And if we adopt that just canon of interpretation furnished us by Cicero, viz., *consensus omnium lex naturæ est*, we cannot but conclude that there is a rational foundation for this belief.

But leaving this argument, I turn my eye within, and consider the capacities of this mysterious agent. Unlike the body by which its energies are clogged and fettered, I find it simple and indivisible, exhibiting no appearances of decay or destruction, but possessed of powers too vast for finite conception. Surrounded by present pursuits, it knows no satiety, but is ever on the wing for new scenes of delight, and new sources of knowledge. It ever feels a vacuum—a desire for *something* which it has not, and for which it craves. Nor is this found to be the case in a part only of our species: it is seen alike in the simple hind, and the pol-

ished noble—in the wildest savage, or in the gravest philosopher. The soul, leaving the beaten track of every day experience, seeks for pleasure in the airy fictions of the imagination, and launching forth in fields of fancy, revels in the day dreams of its own creation. Dissatisfied with the past and the present, it wanders to the future; and finds only in the anticipation of endless progress towards perfection the full measure of its desires. With a full conviction of its own eternity, which no arguments can strengthen, it feels that this life is not the circle which limits its vision, and therefore it strives to leave the memory of its deeds in the recollection of its successors. Else why is it that men rear the towering pyramid, and the regal mausoleum—why perpetuate their memories in the breathing marble, and the glowing canvass—why wish their deeds eternized in the page of the historian, and the inspiration of the poet, if the soul is blotted out from the universe of its fellows, when the last grim messenger summons it to the silent halls of death? Why this restless pursuit of knowledge—this fond desire “to grasp the soul of ages in a single mind”—to talk familiarly with the dead of former times, and incorporate their wisdom with our own stores? Why this thirst to penetrate the inmost arcana of nature, and seek the hidden causes of the ceaseless changes which are going on around us, if, when we have “strutted our brief hour,” we must sink unconscious “to the vile earth from whence we sprung.”

And when we consider how vast are the fields of science—that one discovery is but the stepping-stone to new and grander revelations of truth, which rise like “Alps on Alps” in endless perspective, where is the sceptic so bold as to assert that the few moments which we can snatch—when the necessary calls of nature and the conventional demands of society are complied with—is the limit that bounds our investigation of these multifarious phenomena? And if, as is the fact, we acquire new ardor in the pursuit of such inquiries, until the mind is, as it were, sublimed of the appetites of sense, and the groveling predilections of self-interest, then why—if annihilation is the goal of our pursuits—why is the soul but refined to be debased below matter, and tantalized with hopes that lure us on, but like Dead Sea fruits turn to ashes when in our grasp? Not to know, in such a case, were a pleasure, and

“Where ignorance is bliss,
’Twere folly to be wise.”

But in all the investigations of the most scrutinizing analysis, philosophy has not found, amid all the mutations of matter, one instance of annihilation; and can we believe that the soul, so superior in its energies and essence to matter, shall meet with a direr destiny than the clods of the valley which we spurn from our feet?

But not only in intellect is the dignity and grandeur of the soul seen, but even more so in the moral powers which it possesses. These unite us more closely than the former with our fellow beings around us; for it is by benevolence, reciprocity, patriotism, and the tender emotions of the heart, that civil society is upheld and embellished with all those courtesies which give zest to

the daily intercourse of life. And when we witness one of our species, whose expansive heart sympathizes with suffering humanity, wherever it is found—whose diffusive benevolence obliterates every local or sectional prejudice, and finds its own reward in the practice of true benevolence—or where we behold the patriot foregoing ease and comfort, and toiling day after day with unremitted zeal, sparing no sacrifice, and avoiding no danger, but willing to lay his life upon the altar of his native land, if thus he may thwart the tyranny of the oppressor, and give freedom and equality to his countrymen, can we suppose that either the one or the other will find in the grave the extinction of these noble emotions, and that the generations whom they have raised from the dust, shall enjoy the inheritance bequeathed them, when their benefactor “sleeps the sleep that knows no waking?” And is there nought of immortality in those tender outpourings of affection and love, which, while we witness them, assure us that, though fallen from our high estate,

“Some flowers of Eden we still inherit?”

The fond mother who bends over the bier of her departed infant, and seems to have drained the bitterest dregs in the cup of humanity, yet is soothed in the agony of her bereavement by the hope that though death hath chilled the fair fountain,

“It but sleeps ’till the sunshine of heaven unchains it,
To water that garden from whence was its source.”

And how often do we see the spotless in soul, and the refined in intellect fall into the snares of the crafty, or the malice of the cruel, until crushed and bleeding, earth has no charm for the eye, and no balm for the wounded spirit, yet even in the midst of sorrow,

“Like the plants that throw
A fragrance from the wounded part,”

exhibiting nothing but patience and innocence, meekness and resignation!

Time forbids me to dwell upon, or even to enumerate all those warm sympathies and tender sensibilities—the ties of friendship—the softer influences of love—those promptings of the free heart which form the “green spots in memory’s waste,” and throw their rainbow tints athwart the lowering realities of human existence. These are the feelings

“————— to mortals giv’n,
With less of earth in them than heav’n;”

and it needs no train of reasoning to establish the fact of their destiny; for they flash forth the doctrine of immortality to the soul of man. Besides these arguments, adduced from the universal belief of mankind, the nature of the soul itself, its powers and capacities, intellectual, moral, and social, we might dwell upon that unequal distribution of justice, by which the proud are exalted in their oppression, while the virtuous and good are trampled to the earth—upon the disorder and confusion consequent upon this unnatural state of things—upon the terrors and forebodings of the guilty, and upon the necessity of this doctrine to vindicate the benevolence and wisdom of the Creator; but we hasten to a close, convinced that so impregnable are the

defenses of this doctrine, that the madness of the sceptic, and the miserable expedient of him who gives the rein to his appetites and passions, by denying what his fears wish not to be true, will alike fail in their endeavors, until reason is transformed into her imitator, sophistry, and the teachings of sound philosophy into the dreams of the wildest enthusiast. Were any thing wanting to fill out the proof, or shed light upon what has already been said, the pages of inspiration furnish abundant evidence, that though the body returns to its parent earth, yet the soul, free and unfettered, will spring up radiant with immortality, ever progressing in the knowledge of nature's works—its powers strengthening—its capacities enlarging, until the mysteries which enshroud our being shall become clear to the eye of reason, and the "great eternal scheme, involving all," shall evince the expanding intellect, the wisdom, benevolence, and omnipotence of Him who, at his creation, breathed immortality into the spirit of man.

G.



Original.

FIRE-SIDE GLEANINGS.

CHAPTER III.

THIS chapter shall be dedicated to remembrances of the past. I have before me a long list of names, all as familiar as household words—the names of those who for the last six years have at various times been under my instruction. The bond of affection between teacher and pupil (if not rudely severed by misconduct) is one that time can never destroy. Months and years may pass away—other friends may share in the affections—other scenes interest the heart; yet will faithful memory often recur to school-room avocations, renewing upon the retina of the mind the imagery of many pleasant hours. It may be called enthusiasm; but if it be, it is an enthusiasm which many share. In conversation with a valued friend, (the strength of whose life has been spent in teaching,) she observed, "I have many memorials of my former pupils; but I cannot look upon them—I dare not think of them. They blind my eyes—they fill me with thoughts which I cannot indulge, without detriment to my health and comfort." My friend has other duties now devolving upon her; but those who are not thus circumstanced may be allowed to cherish the reminiscence so grateful to their feelings.

I return to the manuscript which has elicited the above remarks. Upon reviewing it, how many interesting associations are revived! The first name inscribed is that of a dear girl from the far—the sunny south—as warm, as generous, as ardent in her nature as are the rays of her own native sun; yet restrained by a firm moral principle, she yielded not to levity of action. Her conduct towards teachers and schoolmates was ever a standard for her youthful companions; and if any envied her the suffrage of universal admiration, the kindness of her attentions to each and all soon converted envy into respect and love. I would not imply that she was faultless; but I have seldom known one

more naturally amiable. There was yet one thing needful, which she sought and found. The love of Jesus (as I trust) was shed abroad in her heart. How delightful to behold the morning of life devoted to the service of the Redeemer! and how expressive those lines of the poet—

"A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice!"

The hour of separation came. I saw my young friend pledge her hand and heart to "the long betrothed"—the parting embrace was given, and she left us for her distant home. Three years have passed; and with her, as with all others, "time hath wrought a change." She is now a mother. May she be an ornament to that sacred character, and spend a useful as well as a happy life!

The morning that saw Ann K. a bride, witnessed the marriage of one of her companions. The same bright horizon dawned upon both—hope penciled for each a gay perspective of the future; but while one was permitted to remain "the loving and the loved," the other was summoned to the spirit world away. L. H. had early been a child of sorrow; for she had early lost her mother—a loss which time can never restore. Her demeanor in school was uniformly cheerful, yet sedate and obedient to every wish of her instructors. She was not calculated to dazzle the gay world, or to attract observation; for she was of a thoughtful disposition; but those who knew her intimately, loved her well. Soon after her marriage I met her in the house of God, and was somewhat surprised at the settled look of sadness which she wore. Although at the time I attributed it to a slight indisposition, yet when I next saw her, the pallid brow and laboring cough told too well her destined fate. Consumption had fastened upon her with a relentless grasp. For some weeks she was not aware of her danger; and when the appalling consciousness that she must die came home to her heart, she trembled and seemed to cling to life. Her affectionate husband watched daily and nightly by her bed-side, supplying the place of father and mother, of brother and sister, for of these she had none living. Why did she thus cling to earth—thus dread to grapple with the king of terrors? Why was the tear ever glistening in her eye, and the sigh ever bursting from her bosom? She had connected herself with a Church sometime previous to the events I have narrated; but she did not feel satisfied of her acceptance with her God. The prayer of faith was raised to heaven for the dying one, and earnest were her own efforts to find that peace which the world knoweth not of. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, spoke peace to her soul, and there was light and gladness thrown around the gloomy grave. She lingered some weeks after this event, patiently bearing every trial, and ever ready humbly to give a reason of the hope that was in her. She died calmly and happily, and her death was blessed to him who had been her only earthly support in time of trouble. He connected himself with the people of God the day after her burial, and was soon enabled to rejoice that he

had been called to mourn by a God of infinite wisdom and goodness.

It would be difficult to represent, at length, the varied characteristics of mind and heart, all fresh before the writer, or to describe the many changes which have passed in a few short years; and neither do I feel at liberty to use freely even the initials of my scholars, though it were "to point a moral, or adorn a tale." However, I have ventured to speak of the absent and the dead, in hope that their example may be beneficial. I feel that I am almost on hallowed ground; but if unwarily I have intruded upon that sensitiveness which fain would shrink from observation, my motive must be my apology. Yet, did time permit, I would delight to dwell upon the highly gifted who struggled through adverse and opposing circumstances, to acquire an education—upon the nobly aspiring, who, though reared in the lap of luxury, were not content to remain in ignorance—the gentle and unassuming, whose yielding sweetness saved them from unpleasant collision—the playful—the sad—upon all, yes, all, save the wayward and ungrateful. Where are they now? Many of them have gone forth into society. The principles or passions which then alternately governed or overcame them have now a wider sphere of action, and are powerful in their influence, either for good or for evil. Many of them have learned what it is to suffer from the frowns of adversity. One has buried her first-born beneath the clods of the valley. Several, upon whom memory rests with sadness, are moldering in the dust. They mingle no longer with earthly friends; yet could they return to this busy, trifling world, would they not whisper in our ears, "Be ye also ready!" One just entering into graceful womanhood, is enjoying the vanities of this frail life, and dreaming of nought but pleasure, while another, another, and yet another, have lain for weary months upon beds of suffering. O, could I tell them how sweet are the consolations of religion—how dear the promises of the Gospel to the sick and the sorrowful! They have other and better monitors. Kind hearted Christian friends are near them, ready to advise and cheer—the ambassadors of heaven are there to warn and to encourage, while the still small voice of the Spirit of God is even now knocking at the door of their hearts for admittance. Yet not alone around the sick are these sacred influences thrown—they encircle all, and none are free from their gentle visitations, though with them none may trifle with impunity; for God hath said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Then, whether in sickness or in health, let us all, while time and opportunity are ours, seek that preparation of heart which alone will fit us for the trials of life, or sustain us under the agonies of death.

M. A. DE FOREST.

INTIMACY has been the source of the deadliest enmity, no less than of the firmest friendship; like some mighty rivers, which rise on the same mountain, but pursue a quite contrary course.

Original.

DEITY AND NATURE.*

BY W. F. LOWRIE.

THE next metal which we shall notice, as being highly useful to man, is *mercury*, which was well known to the ancients.

The principal localities where it is now obtained are the mines of Idria, in Carnolia, and Almaden, in Spain. It is also found in Mexico and Peru; but a large proportion of the mercury of commerce comes from Idria, where it occurs in beds of bituminous shale, gray sandstone, and limestone, at a depth of several hundred feet below the surface. The mines of Almaden run through clay, slate, and shale; and though they have been worked for a period of more than two thousand years are still prolific.

Mercury differs from all other metals, by possessing the property of fluidity at all common temperatures. Its color is tin white, and its lustre strongly metallic. At 39° or 40° below zero it becomes solidified, and in so doing shows a strong tendency to crystalize in octohedrons; at the same time contracts so greatly, that while its density at 47° is 13.568, when frozen it is 15.612. When solid it possesses nearly the malleability of tin, and may be extended into thin sheets, or cut with a knife. When its temperature is raised to 662° Fah., it enters into ebullition, and the rising vapor condenses again on cool surfaces into metallic globules. If, however, it be subjected to the action of oxygen gas, it slowly absorbs it, and is changed into the peroxide of mercury. Mercury, when quite pure, is not tarnished in the cold by exposure to air and moisture. If, however, other metals be amalgamated with it, though in very small portions, oxydation will take place, and a film be collected on its surface. The only acids which act on this metal are the sulphuric and nitric, the former of which is inefficient in the cold; but when heat is applied the mercury is oxydized, pure sulphureous acid is disengaged, and sulphate of mercury formed. Nitric acid acts strongly upon mercury, both with and without heat, oxydizing and dissolving it with the evolution of binoxide of nitrogen.

Mercury occurs in a variety of forms. Thus we have the native mercury, native amalgam, muriate and sulphuret of mercury, as natural productions. The primary form of native mercury, when crystalized, is the regular octohedron; but it is found in small fluid globules, scattered in various quantities through its gang, or vein-stone. Pure mercury is a metal rarely found, that which is used in the arts being obtained from the sulphuret, or, as it is commonly termed, cinnabar. Cinnabar, in its crystalization, assumes, as its primary form, the shape of an acute rhombohedron, and as its secondary, various modifications of the primary. Its imperfect crystalizations are granularly massive, with the particles small, often impalpable, and sometimes forming superficial coatings on the minerals or ores

* Continued from vol. ii, p. 45.

with which it may be in a state of proximity. Its color varies from cochineal red, to brownish red and lead gray—its lustre adamantine, inclining to metallic, and dull in the darker and friable varieties. Some varieties are subtransparent, others translucent—fracture conchoidal, and may be cut with a knife. This mineral is usually associated in beds with native mercury, native amalgam, and occasionally with calcareous spar and quartz; yet it has been observed in veins with iron ores. The finest crystals occur in the coal formations of Moschellandsburg and Wolfstein in the Palatinate; also, in Japan, Mexico, and Brazil, and several districts of Germany. This ore is the great source from which commerce is supplied, and from which the mercury is obtained by sublimation—the *modus operandi* of which is as follows: The ore is first pulverized, then combined with one-fifth of slacked lime, and put into retorts which hold about half a hundred weight each. From forty to fifty of these are built into a furnace, and have receivers fitted to them. Heat is then applied till the aqueous vapors are expelled. The receivers are then luted, or closely stopped with clay, the heat increased, and the mercury comes over in the form of vapor into the receivers, where it is condensed. One hundred pounds of ore yields on an average from 6 oz. to 10 oz. of pure mercury. Cinnabar, when pure, is identical with the manufactured vermilion of commerce, a beautiful and valuable pigment, employed in a variety of operations in the useful and fine arts.

Mercury is of great importance in the extraction of gold and silver ores, (see article in February number,) for which purpose it is transported in large quantities from Europe to South America. An amalgam of tin and mercury made to adhere by pressure to one side of plate glass constitutes the mirror in which beauty and deformity alike may gaze. Combined with gold it forms another amalgam with which the works of time-pieces are gilded to protect them from the corrosion produced by the oxygen and moisture contained in the atmosphere. In its pure state it enables man to form various instruments, as the thermometer and barometer, &c., which not only aid him in his researches in natural science, but also frequently minister to his physical wants, and by warning him of approaching and important changes in the atmosphere enable him to avoid certain destruction from the boisterous wind and howling tempest. Mercury is also prepared by chemical processes to act as a corrective to most of the physical ills which flesh is heir to, and in the hands of the skillful practitioner is doubtless an efficient agent in controlling disease and prolonging life. Nature would appear to have anticipated man in this use of the metal; for she has prepared in her deep and silent laboratories a substance of a similar kind to the preparation made by art. This substance is named muriate of mercury, and native calomel. It is found in small quantities in the cinnabar mines in Germany, in crystalline coats of a granular massive structure, adamantine lustre, yellowish gray, or yellowish white color, and when crystalized its primitive form is a right square prism.

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The similarity of its composition with the calomel prepared by art would seem to be the result of more than accident. Klaproth, a celebrated chemist, analyzed it, and found its components to be oxyd of mercury 76, hydrochloric acid 16.4, sulphuric acid 7.6. Artificial calomel is composed of mercury 84.74, chlorine 15.26.

Iron. This is the most important metal which the earth contains. It is even more valuable than all the precious metals together, and is more extensively diffused than any other. Iron was known to man in the most remote ages, and has a peculiar gray color and metallic lustre, which is susceptible of being heightened by polishing. It occurs in a great variety of forms and combinations, and to a greater or less extent in every part of the world. Among the most common of its ores are the magnetic, specular oxide, brown hematite, chromate of iron, &c., &c. Magnetic iron ore, when crystalized, puts on as its primary form, the regular octohedron—its secondary, are numerous modifications thereof. Its structure is frequently granular. It is strongly attracted by the magnet, and sometimes possesses polarity. Magnetic iron ore occurs in beds in primitive rocks, as gneiss, clay slate, hornblende slate, &c. The beds of ore at Arendal, and nearly all the celebrated mines in Sweden, consist of this ore. Dannemora and Taberg, in Smaland, are entirely formed of it. Still larger mountains of it exist in Lapland, and the most powerful native magnets are found in the Hartz mountains in Siberia. Very extensive beds of this ore occur at different places upon the western side of Lake Champlain, and in the mountainous region of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and also large masses in the Ozark mountains.

Specular iron ore is a variety possessing a dark steel gray, or iron black color, and a metallic lustre, which is often beautifully splendent with the richest hues of the rainbow. The most magnificent specimens of this species are brought from Elba, famous for the residence of Napoleon Buonaparte, and which is celebrated by Ovid as the "*Insula inexhaustis chalybdum generosa metallis.*" Europe and the United States abounds in localities of the different varieties of this species of iron ore, and it furnishes a considerable portion of the iron of commerce.

Brown iron ore, under its various names of brown hematite, bog iron ore, brown ochre, &c., is one of the most important ores of that metal, as it yields a pig iron easily convertible into steel. Though iron is inferior to several metals in ductility and malleability, it surpasses all in tenacity. At ordinary temperatures it is very hard and unyielding, and its hardness may be increased by heating and then suddenly cooling it. In combination with other substances, and especially with oxygen and sulphur, it is abundantly distributed throughout the whole field of nature. There are but few metals or minerals with which it is not in close association. It is a necessary ingredient in good soils. It enters into the structure of vegetable matter, imparting to the woody fibre strength, and to the leaves and flow-

ers many of their loveliest hues. To it man owes many of the colors which he uses in the decoration of his home and his person, as well as of the blood which courses, full of life and vigor, through all his frame. The iron is extracted from its ores by their exposure, after previous roasting and pulverizing, to the action of charcoal and lime at a high temperature. The carbon in the charcoal removes the oxygen from the ore, while the lime acts as a flux, by combining with all the impurities of the ore, and forming a fusible compound called a slag. The whole mass being thus fused, the particles of metal descend by their greater specific gravity, and collect at the bottom, while the slag forms a stratum above, and protects the melted metal from the action of the air. This, as it collects, runs out at an aperture at the side of the furnace, and the fused iron is let off by a hole at the bottom, which was previously filled with sand. This is the cast iron of commerce, and contains a considerable quantity of carbon, unreduced ore, and earthy substances. It is subsequently converted into soft or malleable iron by exposure to a strong heat, while a current of air plays on its surface. By this means the decomposed ore is reduced, earthy impurities rise to the surface as a slag, and the carbonaceous matter is burned. The oxide formed on the surface being stirred with the fused metal below, facilitates the oxydation of the carbon. As the iron increases in purity, its fusibility diminishes, until at length, though the heat be the same, the iron becomes solid. It is then, while hot, subjected to the processes of rolling or hammering, by which its particles are approximated, and its tenacity greatly increased.

How numerous the purposes to which man has applied this most useful of all metals! It aids him in commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and domestic operations. Scarce a physical instrument is used by him into the formation of which iron does not enter. It ministers to his wants and necessities in peace, and to his defense and protection in war.

(*To be continued.*)

Original.
ON NIGHT.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

"Tis night! No zephyr stirs the leaves—the breeze

Has died away among the distant hills—

All nature sleeps, lull'd by the murmuring rills,

And guarded by those dim old forest trees,

The ghosts of buried ages!—fancy sees

In each the veteran of a race gone by.

Aloft, how glorious is the evening sky!

Diana floats upon her car at ease,

Amid her virgin train, and smiles on earth,

And earth returns the smile, and all is bright;

Those twinkling orbs, as at creation's birth,

When this fair world first greeted new-born light,

Hymn the Creator's praise, in heavenly mirth,

And shine like quenchless lamps, to light thy halls, O
night!

Original.

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

"WHAT'S hallowed ground?" is the inquiry of a distinguished poet. Here is the response—

"———'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thought in souls of worth."

How hallowed, then, is the land of Palestine! What sacred associations are connected with every spot rendered memorable by our Savior's matchless precepts, his wondrous miracles, and consummate wisdom, benevolence, and love! How often, in imagination, have I followed the lowly Jesus in his wanderings amid the delightful scenery of the Holy Land! But, alas! he was a persecuted wanderer—a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Yet though his precious counsels were often disregarded, some there were who received his doctrines, and to many hearts, and especially to the daughters of Israel, he spoke in accents of mercy. The village of Bethany is consecrated ground; for there dwelt Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, the interesting family that Jesus loved. Let us contemplate the character of the sisters of Bethany; for those whom our Savior approved must be worthy of imitation.

They were distinguished for their hospitality. In all ages and among all civilized nations, hospitality has been esteemed, and its rites held sacred; but among the chosen people of God, whether under the Jewish or Christian dispensation, it is enjoined as a duty; and often in the performance of its obligations unexpected blessings have been realized. Angels have been the guests of mortals, and frail man has held converse with the messengers of Heaven. The sisters of Bethany had a guest whom angels delighted to honor; but such was the darkness that veiled the minds of even the pious Jews, that it is probable, though our Savior was at first received as a teacher come from God, yet the exalted character of his mission was but faintly understood. How great, then, was their reward, when, by receiving instruction from his lips, they were prepared to accept him as the long expected Messiah.

Another interesting characteristic of the sisters, was their affection for each other. Martha, on one occasion, complains that her sister had left her to serve alone. From this we infer that Martha had not been accustomed to bear alone the burden of service, but had ever been sustained by the cheerful co-operation of Mary. Martha erred in being perplexed and troubled "about many things," while Mary was commended, not that she was unmindful of her sister's claim, but for choosing the "better part" of sitting at the feet of Jesus, and listening to the important truths he uttered. Both sisters were eager to show proper respect to their Lord; and piety to God can only dwell in hearts where pure affection glows. The strong affection of the sisters for their brother was also exemplified during his sickness and subsequent death. The message sent by them to the Savior appeals directly to the heart: "He whom thou lovest is sick." Commensurate with their love was their grief when death ensued before the arrival of the great Physician.

A teachable spirit was also a characteristic of the sisters of Bethany. Mary, as before remarked, sat at Jesus' feet, and learned of him who was meek and lowly. It was the privilege of Martha to converse with her Lord on that most interesting subject, the resurrection of the dead. "Thy brother shall rise again," is the language of our Savior. "I know," replied Martha, "that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Consoling thought! Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of our God—then shall kindred souls be joined in an indissoluble union, where songs and everlasting joy shall be upon the head, and sorrow and sighing shall be unknown! "The meek will he teach his way," is the promise of God; and it was a teachable spirit in the sisters of Bethany which led them to the possession of that *faith* which forms another prominent trait of character. The language of Martha and Mary, when first they saw the Savior, after the death of Lazarus, was, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." They believed he had power to rescue even from the monster, Death; and they also had some hope that he would rescue even from the dominion of the grave; for Martha adds, "but I know that even now whatsoever thou shalt ask of God, God will give it thee." "I am the resurrection and the life," is the instructive reply; "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Believest thou this?" "Yes, Lord," answered Martha, "I believe thou art the Christ, the anointed one, the promised, the long expected Messiah." The weeping Mary and her sister were comforted. Lazarus was promised to their faith, and the astonished Jews, who had assembled around the sepulchre, saw Lazarus, at the command of the Savior, God, come forth, resuscitated by divine power, a living witness to glorify God.

Faith is omnipotent. It brings consolation in the darkest hour. It lifts the veil of futurity, and reveals to us the weight of glory which shall compensate the patient endurance of all our afflictions. Martha and Mary had their faith rewarded. So may every daughter of Zion; and like them, too, show forth their gratitude. Martha ministered to our Savior and his disciples a few days before his crucifixion. We may give a cup of cold water to a disciple in the name of a disciple. We may feed the hungry and clothe the naked. We may send the word of life to the destitute, and hear it said, in the day of final reckoning, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." Mary anointed our Savior with costly perfume. She wiped his feet with the hair of her head. In humility it is our privilege to bow before him. Our prayers may ascend as incense, and the "heart's adoration" he will not, cannot spurn. He will regard the cry of the destitute, and will not despise their prayer, for thus in mercy hath he promised.

The palm trees of Bethany still throw their "shadows of beauty," but the sisters are gone to the paradise of God. The blessed Redeemer, whom having not seen we love, has ascended on high; but in conclusion we

may adopt the language of Whittier, in his beautiful poem of Palestine:

"Yet, loved of the Father, thy spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.
O, the outward hath gone! but in glory and power
The *spirit* surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same."

L. E. A.

Original.

THE ADIEU.

A SCENE OF THE REVOLUTION.

The Revolution, by way of distinction, has been called the period which tried men's souls. There are preserved a great number of anecdotes of heroic deeds and sufferings, which prove that it well deserved that appellation. Were I attempting to picture the patriotic bearing of our fathers on that occasion, I would ask no deeper shades for the piece than are presented below.

"The wedding ceremony closed. Leander and Lavinia were seated side by side, and their friends were pressing near to salute them with friendly congratulations. The mother of the bride had impressed an affectionate kiss on the lips of each, and stood holding the hand of her daughter. That moment the door of the apartment burst open and one of the neighboring yeomen thrust himself into the midst of the circle, crying, '*To arms! to arms!*' A moment's explanation revealed to the happy company the fearful scene which was then being enacted in the vicinity of Lexington. Blood was spilled. Leander sprang from his seat, gave his fair Lavinia one hasty, fervent kiss, and in five minutes more his fleet horse was bearing him, sword in hand, to the aid of his brave and bleeding countrymen."

I go, my love! receive my quick adieu—
False to my country, I were false to you;
'Twas late I met thee with a raptured heart,
The charm is broken, and we quickly part—
But, parting, many a thought will linger here,
And many a sigh will prove this heart sincere;
Fancy shall paint the beauty of these scenes,
And tread this carpet in nocturnal dreams.
The parlor where we pass'd the short-lived days,
The sofa where we sat and joined our lays,
The fire-side where our evening hours have sped,
While pleased and charmed on mutual thought we fed;
The rich parterre, bedecked with sweetest flowers,
Diversified with rural walks and bowers;
The modest seat where love has held discourse,
And charm'd each heart, imprisoned by its force;
The listening trees which waved their gentle boughs,
And heard with sympathy our solemn vows;
The balmy breeze which fanned the cooling shade,
And wafted up to heaven the prayers we made;
The murm'ring rill which choose its winding way,
To feast our sense and lead our thoughts astray;
The laughing meadows dress'd in hues of green,
And then thine own fair form to crown the scene;
Fancy, I say, in nightly dreams shall dwell
In this parterre, and watch my love. Farewell!

Original.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN BRAZIL.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

Voyage from Rio to Santos—A Coasting Steamer—Commandante—Mangaratiba—Angra dos Reis—Monasticism—Paraty—Island of S. Sebastian—Arrival at Santos—Mode of Traveling Inland—Transportation—Trapeiros—A Traveling Party—Serra do Mar.

ON the 15th of January, 1839, I embarked on board a steamboat bound from Rio de Janeiro to Santos. The latter town is the principal port of the province of San Paulo. It is distant from Rio in direct course 225 miles, but the passage is lengthened to about 300 miles, in order to touch at intermediate ports. The passengers having been severally required to exhibit their passports to the visiting officer, who came on board at Fort Villegagnon, we got under way at 5 P. M.

The afternoon was one of the most rainy I had ever witnessed in Rio. I had literally waded through streams of water at the corners of the streets previous to embarking. I paid but little attention to a thorough preliminary wetting, in anticipation of a comfortable shelter when once on board. My disappointment in this particular was soon obvious. The *Paquete do Norte* was one of the best boats then belonging to the great commercial emporium as well as political capital of Brazil; but she had been constructed to float on salt water, and not to shed rain. Her engines were of seventy horse power. She had been built in England for the Nitherohy Steam Company; but in view of navigating the high seas she had neither "hurricane" nor "spar-deck." There was indeed a cabin below, furnishing twelve berths; but what were these among from thirty to forty passengers!

The truth was, that in the mild weather ordinarily enjoyed on these passages, the majority preferred to spend both night and day upon deck. Only a short experience of the confined air and sweltering temperature of the apartment below, inclined me to a similar choice on the present occasion. Rather than run any hazard of suffocation, I determined to take my chance for keeping dry under a tattered awning, that extended over the quarter-deck.

Another peculiarity of our fare was, that each passenger was expected to "find himself" with provisions. Luckily I had escaped much concern on this score, by joining the party of which the reader will learn more by and by. In my visit below, I had found my friends preparing for a grand collation in true French style. But my apprehensions that their good cheer would be presently interrupted by sea-sickness, that unceremonious visitant of almost all landmen who are caught afloat, led me to decline all participation. The result proved the correctness of my determination.

Within the harbor all had been calm; but on passing out we encountered a head wind and a tremendously rolling sea. No sooner did the little boat begin to feel the force of the waves, than there was a general

rush on deck, and an outcry for the captain to put back. "Arriba, Senhor Commandante, arriba! nao esta capaz, vamos arribar!"

The captain was a large mulatto, adorned with a red woolen cap, shag overcoat, and big trowsers. The *tout ensemble* of his costume was not an indifferent caricature of the Turkish. He was somewhat agitated at first, but had decision enough to keep his boat on her course, and afterward seemed not a little desirous to show himself piqued with the attempted infringement upon his prerogatives. He belabored his countrymen sadly for presuming to address him in such a "*papagaio*" style; thus comparing their cries of alarm to the screaming of parrots.

Owing to the small power of our boat, we made but slow progress. When darkness came on, we were still in sight of the Sugar Loaf. During the night the sea became more quiet, and our headway greater.

Daylight the following morning discovered to us several small islands on either hand, in the midst of which lay our course into the bay of Mangaratiba. This villa lies in an angle between two mountains. It appears almost inaccessible from the rear, nevertheless it receives from the vicinity, and ships annually to Rio, about four thousand bags of coffee, besides other produce. The mountains around are not very high, but are covered with a wild and beautiful vegetation. A house was apparent here and there, upon the less abrupt declivities. The villa contained one church, and about fifty habitations. Eleven small craft were at anchor in the harbor.

Getting under way duly, we came to anchor about noon in the Angra dos Reis. This name was given originally by Martin Affonso de Souza to the ample and splendid bay, at the opening of which Ilha Grande is situated. That individual known in history as the first Donatory, who received a grant of land in Brazil, proceeded along this entire coast in 1531, as far as the river La Plata, naming the places observed by him according to the successive days in which he visited them. Although several of these harbors and islands had been previously discovered and probably named, yet owing to the circumstance that Souza became an actual settler, combined with the fact that in following the Roman callendar he flattered the peculiar prejudices of his countrymen, the names imposed by him have alone remained to posterity. Having entered the bay of Nitherohy on the first day of the year, and supposing from the narrowness of the entrance that it was of course a river, he gave it the fine sounding, but geographically inaccurate name of Rio de Janeiro. The sixth day of January, designated in English as that of the Epiphany, is termed in Portuguese *dia dos Reis Magos*, day of the Kings, or Royal Magi. This takes it for granted that the wise men who visited the infant Savior in Bethlehem were either kings or princes! On that day Souza visited the places I am describing, and hence the two names, Ilha Grande dos Magos and Angra dos Reis. The latter is now applied chiefly to the town within the bay, and Ilha Grande is deemed sufficient to indi-

cate the island. The island of S. Sebastian, and the port of S. Vicente were named in like manner, on the 20th and 22d days of the same month. Angra dos Reis was at a very early period admitted to the denomination of a city, but its subsequent growth did not correspond to the expectation of its founders. I judged it to contain at the present time about two hundred and fifty houses, which are arranged in a semicircular form upon the praya or low ground, bordered by surrounding mountains. To illustrate the deficiency and contradictory nature of many statements, (statistics there are not,) respecting the population of Brazil, I mention the opinions of two gentlemen, apparently competent judges respecting Angra. One of them estimated the inhabitants at 4000, exclusive of slaves and colored people, who in any case must constitute about half. The other fixed upon 2000 as the entire number, which must have been much nearer the truth. The ecclesiastical establishment of Angra appears to have been gotten up in anticipation of the future greatness of the place, by the same policy which has secured to the Church of Rome the finest localities and the most costly edifices that are seen in the actual cities of Brazil. Said establishment consists of three convents and three churches. The former belong severally to the three orders of monks most prevalent in the empire; the Benedictines, the Slippered Carmelites, and the Franciscans of St. Anthony. These monasteries were severally occupied by a single friar, in the capacity of a superintendent. A gentleman residing in the place, informed me respecting them, and took occasion to express great contempt for a class of men, who, he said, spent their lives in surfeiting and indolence. If this is not the general sentiment of intelligent Brazilians, it is certainly one that is very common among them, respecting monastic institutions.

In March, 1838, the Carmelitic order presented a petition to the Provincial Assembly of Rio de Janeiro, praying for the privilege of admitting thirty novices into the convent at Angra. In the course of the discussion which ensued, one of the deputies, Senhor Cezar de Menezes, in an eloquent speech reported at the time, undertook to demonstrate that monasticism, from its history in past times, and from its essential spirit, could not harmonize with the ideas of the present enlightened age, nor be adapted to the government and circumstances of the country. His conclusions were these: "The measure is contrary to nature, unsupported by policy, and alike opposed to morality, to our financial interests, and to the Brazilian constitution." Were it compatible with the limits I have assigned myself to translate the whole speech, I could hardly present the reader with a better summary of practical arguments against monasticism. Suffice it to say, the privilege in this case was not conceded, although similar ones have recently been in other provinces.

Ilha Grande measures about fifteen miles east and west, and at its greatest breadth seven miles north and south. A considerable portion of it is under cultivation, devoted to the production of sugar-cane, coffee,

&c. It furnishes several good places of anchorage, and is frequently resorted to by American whale-ships, in order to recruit their stock of wood, water, and fresh provisions.

Paraty was the next port at which we touched, and the last belonging to the province of Rio de Janeiro. The villa is small, but regularly built, and beautifully situated at the extremity of a long arm of the sea, in which are sprinkled a number of diversely shaped and palm crested islands. It contains three churches, each dedicated to Nossa Senhora, our lady, first of the conception, second of grief, third of the lapa, or cliff. The territory connected with this port embraces the fertile plains of Bananal, Paraty - Merim, and Mambucaba; distinguished for their luxuriant production of many of the fruits of southern Europe, as well as coffee, rice, mandioca, legumes, and the choicest of sugar-cane.

The morning of the 17th found us navigating the channel to leeward of the island of S. Sebastian, and approaching the villa of that name, which is situated on the mainland. This island belongs to the province of S. Paulo. It is twelve or fourteen miles long, and of nearly equal width. It is well cultivated, and somewhat populous. Like Ilha Grande, it is a rendezvous for vessels engaged in the slave trade. Such craft have great facilities for landing their cargoes of human beings at these and contiguous points; and if they do not choose to go into the harbor of Rio to refit, they can be furnished at this place with the requisite papers for another voyage. For no other object could the vice consulate of Portugal, which is established on shore, be possibly called for. The villa is quiet and respectable, composed chiefly of mud-houses, among which is a church of the same material. It has a Professor of Latin, and two primary schools, one for boys and the other for girls.

On our egress from this roadstead we passed between two rocky islands, called Os Alcatrazes. The smaller one is of curious shape, and said at some seasons to be covered with the eggs of sea-fowl. Fishermen frequently collect whole canoe-loads of them. These islands are about five leagues from S. Sebastian, and eight from Santos.

Santos is situated upon the northern portion of the island of S. Vicente, which is detached from the continent merely by the two mouths of the Cubatam river. The principal stream affords entrance at high water to large vessels, and is usually called Rio de Santos up as far as that town. At its mouth, upon the northern bank, stands the fortress of S. Amaro. This relic of olden time is occupied by a handful of soldiers, whose principal employment is alternately to go on board the vessels as they pass up and down, as a guard against smuggling. The course of the river is winding, and its bottom muddy. Its banks are low, and covered with mangroves.

Passing up, we first came in sight of a few houses on the left, called, as the traveler in that country would be sure to anticipate, Villa Nova. Soon after, on the opposite side, appeared Fort Itipema, an old fortification

much dilapidated, and whose only garrison was a single family. Next became visible the masts of twenty or thirty vessels lying at anchor before the town, which is upon the southern or left bank as we ascend. On arriving, we were boarded by a port officer in regimentals. His visit was one of mere ceremony, as he did not demand our passports, but seemed only concerned to get his letters. Thus favorably ended our passage, occupying about forty-eight hours, rather more than the usual time.

Deferring for the present all notice of Santos, I will undertake the task of conveying to my readers some idea of the company that next morning set out for the interior. It is necessary to premise that not only rail cars, but also stage coaches, and all other vehicles of public conveyance, are entirely unknown in the country; owing, in a great degree at least, to the unsuitable character of the roads. All who do not walk must expect to be conveyed on the backs of mules or horses, and to have their baggage transported in the same way. For long journeys, the former are generally preferred. But it frequently happens at Santos that neither can be hired in sufficient number, without sending to a considerable distance. Although scarcely a day occurs in the year in which more or less troops of mules do not leave that place for the upper country, yet the greater part of those animals are totally unfit for riding, being only accustomed to the pack-saddle, and having never worn the bit. On the present occasion, a young German and myself had been each provided with a horse, and had left our heavier luggage to be sent on subsequently. The other members of our company, rather than to suffer delay, resolved to engage the requisite portion of a troop then ready to proceed up the serra. It may be here remarked, that ordinary transportation to and from the coast is accomplished with no inconsiderable regularity and system, notwithstanding the manner. Many planters keep a sufficient number of beasts to convey their entire produce to market; others do not, but depend more or less upon professional carriers. Among these, each troop is under charge of a conductor, who superintends its movements and transacts its business. They generally load down with sugar and other agricultural products, conveying, in return, salt, flour, and every variety of imported merchandise. A gentleman who had for many years employed these conductors in the transmission of goods, told me he had seldom or never known an article fail of reaching its destination.

I had been summoned by my friends to start at a very early hour; but in reply, requested the privilege of overtaking them on the road. Getting my affairs duly arranged, and proceeding to the place of rendezvous, instead of finding that they had gone, I myself had occasion to wait about two hours. After the busy scene of arranging saddles and cargo, and mounting and disciplining refractory animals, we at length found ourselves all started upon the *aterrado*, or cast-up road leading to Cubatam. The first characters that engaged my attention were the two *Tropeiros*, or conductors of the troop. They were not mounted, but preferred going

on foot, in order to give proper attention to their animals and baggage. The latter being mostly of an inconvenient form, and not easily balanced, gave them great annoyance from its propensity to get loose and fall off. The principal was a very tall and large man, apparently about thirty years of age. His features were coarse in the extreme, and a hair-lip rendered his speech indistinct. His arms, feet, and legs to his knees were bare, and soon after starting off came his shirt, exhibiting a tawny and properly yellow skin. His companion and probably younger brother, was not so large, but appeared to have equal nerve. He was better dressed, and walked with his shoulders inclined forward. His jet black hair was long, and hung in ringlets upon his neck. His eyes were dark and flashing, and his countenance not dissimilar to that of a North American Indian. These persons were a specimen of the *Paulista tropeiros*, who, as a class, differ very much from the *Mineiros* and conductors that visit Rio. They have a certain wildness in their look, which, mingled with intelligence and sometimes benignity, gives to their countenance altogether a peculiar expression. They universally wear a large pointed knife, twisted into their girdle behind. This *faca de ponta* is perhaps more essential to them than the knife of the sailor is to him. It serves to cut wood, to mend harnesses, to kill and dress an animal, to carve food, and in case of necessity, to defend or to assault. Its blade has a curve peculiar to itself, and in order to be approved, must have a temper that will enable it to be struck through a thick piece of copper without bending or breaking. This being a favorite companion, is often mounted with a silver handle, and sometimes encased in a silver sheath, although generally worn naked.

As to the travelers, we represented at least six different nations of the old and new worlds, presenting no small variety, both in character and costume. Mons. G., physically the greatest man among us, was mounted upon the smallest mule; and not being accustomed to riding in this style, often consoled himself with the reflection that if he fell, neither the distance nor the danger would be great, as his feet almost touched the ground. This gentleman holds a distinguished place in the botanical department of the Museum of Natural History in Paris, and was at that time sent out by the French government on a special scientific mission to Brazil.

Having not only had the pleasure of his company as *companion de voyage*, but also as a fellow boarder for several weeks at S. Paulo, and in repeated excursions in the neighborhood of that city, I must be allowed to mention several of those qualities which rendered his society agreeable. His sociability was only equaled by his cheerfulness of disposition. His fund of enlivening anecdote was almost inexhaustible, being drawn from a strangely diversified personal history, and from extensive acquaintance with learned men. His conversation, always interesting, was pre-eminently so when inspired by his enthusiasm in botanical pursuits. Hence *les fleurs magnifiques* which adorned *notre belle route*, imparted a double gratification.

The individual next to be noticed was Doctor I., a Brazilian physician educated in France, and extensively traveled in Europe; whose devotedness to the cause of science, equally with his noble and generous disposition, led him to make this entire journey for the sake of introducing Mons. G. at S. Paulo, and of making his sojourn in Brazil as pleasant as possible. Such attentions were the more desirable to Mons. G. as he was entirely unacquainted with the language and customs of the country, and they were amply realized in the spirited manner in which the Doctor discharged his office as general manager to the party.

Mons. B., a subject of the king of Sardinia, was a painter by profession. Senhor P., a young Fluminense, had spent several years in Paris, and was now going to take his course as a student at law in the University at S. Paulo. He, and a young Parisian associated with Mons. G., kept the road alive with their merriment, singing at the top of their voices. In addition to these might be mentioned Mynheer F., son to the secretary of the Rhenish Missionary Society at Elberfeldt; a third Brazilian, a third Frenchman, and a Portuguese. Respecting the only North American in the group, it is perhaps unnecessary to remark at present, unless that his paulista boots and other riding accoutrements must have assimilated his appearance to that of a genuine tropeiro, unprovided, of course, with either long knife or pistols.

The road was level as far as Cubatam, leading along the river, and twice crossing that stream by bridges. The principal house of the village mentioned was the Registro; where, in addition to paying a slight toll, each passer-by has his name and nation registered. A short distance beyond Cubatam we commenced ascending the Serra do Mar, or cordillera of the Sea. This range of mountains stretches along more than a thousand miles of coast, sometimes laved at its very feet by the ocean; at others branching off inland, leaving a considerably wide range of low and level interval, called by the Portuguese, Beira Mar. Its general formation is granitic, although in this region it is covered with sufficient soil to sustain a dense forest, and is destitute of those bold and barren peaks which shoot up at other points. Its height is by no means so great as has been repeatedly affirmed. Mr. Mawe gives 6000 feet as the lowest estimate: but Captain King, by actual measurement, determined its altitude to be only 2250 feet. Mr. M. made a still more palpable mistake in saying that Santos did not fall within the angle of vision from its summit. I know not how to account for the latter inaccuracy of statement, unless by supposing that the town and its vicinity were enveloped in fog, though the top of the mountain might have been clear when he enjoyed the prospect. This sometimes happens, although the reverse is much more frequently witnessed.

Of all the marvelous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man.

Original.

TO ELIZABETH.

HAVE we parted, my loved one,
Like foam on the sea?
Or the scattering rain-drop
That falls on the lea?
By the surge or the whirlwind
Divided and strown,
They may not be gathered
Again into one.

Then O! like the white foam
That wreathes the dark wave,
When the tempest breaks forth
From his nethermost cave;
On each whirling summit
Secure may we rise,
For the higher the billow,
The nearer the skies.

Or, like the clear rain
That 'mid sunshine descends,
And the bow of the Lord
In rich coloring blends;
Our errand accomplished,
Again may we soar,
Exhaled by the beams
We reflected before.

M.

Original.

TO A WILD ROSE.

I ASK not for a bloom like thee,
Thou beauteous mountain flower;
For, bright and lovely though it be,
It cannot last an hour.

A stranger pluck'd thee, as he pass'd
Along the mountain's brow;
Afraid thy beauties there should waste,
But lo! thou'rt withering now!

Mine be the charms of moral worth
That cannot know decay,
They bud and blossom here on earth,
But bloom eternally!

P. P.

Original

TO A MISSIONARY.

Go, servant of the living God, bear forth
Tidings of mercy to the tribes of men;
Go, and from east to west, from south to north,
Proclaim a Savior crucified; and when
Trials assail thee, may thy Master then
Uphold thee with his everlasting arm—
And spread the mantle of His love around,
To shield thy soul from each impending harm.
See! in His hand he holds a glittering crown—
Be strong, fear not, it soon shall be thine own!

P. P.

Original.

THE ERRING WIFE.

If the following narrative from the diary of a physician should be considered worthy of a place in your valuable Repository, please give it an insertion. The relation is strictly true, and the facts occurred under my own observation. There may be some little variation in the language, though as nearly recorded as I can at this distant day recollect.

J.

J. L., a gentleman of cultivated mind, lost a lovely wife soon after our first cholera in this city, leaving him *heart stricken*, with two lovely daughters, (the eldest about fifteen years of age,) whose love for their father prompted to every effort to make him comfortable and happy. The father, on his part, doated on his children, and spared no pains or expense in their education. About two years after the death of his wife, being desirous to reunite himself with a suitable companion, who might participate with him all his fortunes, he married a maiden lady whose parents were quite respectable in character, and venerable in age, and who had raised their children to habits of economy and industry, and who now, at an advanced period of life, depended on them for support.

A few months after their marriage, I was consulted in regard to his wife's health. I found her a lady of cultivated mind, quick of apprehension, and very sensitive to all the common-place transactions of the family. She was constitutionally scrofulous, and on this account predisposed to pulmonary disease. She informed me that she had for some years occasionally a small dry cough, which did not continue long at a time, and that she thought nothing of it until within the last two weeks, she had noticed some little blood brought up by coughing, particularly in the morning. These symptoms, accompanied with now and then a slight pain in the side and breast, and a burning heat in the soles of the feet and palms of the hands, in the latter part of the night, told a sad tale in regard to her future health. I made her a prescription, and directed a course of regimen, which I accompanied with every encouragement that a strict regard to the nature of her indisposition would in truth permit. I saw this lady occasionally, and was more than gratified to find that her health evidently improved. She attended to the ordinary duties of her family, and took wholesome exercise.

Some weeks after I had discontinued my professional visits, I was again invited to see her. I found her alone in her chamber, in a state of despondency. She had evidently been weeping. After a little conversation relative to her health, she told me "that she was *dissatisfied* with her situation, and that if she was again single she would not marry on any account—that a married life was so different from what she had been accustomed to, that she was sorry she had ever entered into it; beside, her husband's eldest daughter's manners were so different from hers that she did not like her society, as she did not pay that regard to her feelings which she deemed due to her station."

This information electrified me, as it was expressed with an earnestness of feeling that conveyed to my

mind the conviction that she meant what she said. I asked her if she had ever expressed this sentiment to her husband. She replied in the negative. I then wished to know if she was not well provided for, and kindly treated by him. She replied that she was—that no man could take more pains to make a woman happy than he did her.

This was *not the first* time in my life that I had been so situated. I had before been made acquainted with similar heart-rending difficulties. I never felt myself more seriously called upon to use every exertion for the salvation and peace of a fine family, than at the present moment. I addressed the lady, as she lay half reclining on the head-board, as follows:

"Madam, the confidence that you have reposed in me shall not be betrayed. But let me entreat you, as you value all that makes this life happy, to look well to your feelings on this subject, and *seriously* ponder the course of your future life, and the prospects of your confiding husband. Suffer me to entreat you not to allow your mind to be thus drawn aside by the tempter, to sacrifice your happiness here, and your well-being hereafter. Rely upon my word, madam, that if you suffer such thoughts as these to occupy your mind, you will not only break the heart of your affectionate husband, but alas! introduce into this happy family bitter pangs, and will destroy every comfort within its circle. You will go further still, and bring with all this sorrow, the stain of disgrace upon your connections. You knew your husband before you entered into any matrimonial engagements with him; you were well acquainted with his family, his children, his circumstances, and all his relations to society. Under all these circumstances and views in relation to this important connection, you *chose* him to be your future companion in life; you promised to be his of your own free will; and after all this, you seriously vowed before an *all-seeing Providence*, to love and obey him—to comfort and cherish him in his afflictions. In addition to all this, you came into this family with an understanding that you were to add your mite in promoting its peace and prosperity. Remember, I entreat you, that you are now strongly tempted to introduce into the family, and more particularly into the mind of your dear husband, the very afflictions that you vowed before the holy altar to mitigate and assuage.

"Was it possible, madam, for a lady of your information to bring your mind to believe that you could pass from a single life into a matrimonial state without a change of feelings, and also of the objects thenceforth designed by Providence to claim your particular attention? Remember that your husband's household affairs now demand your care. I don't wish to say that you should have no further regard for your parents, sisters, and brothers. I hope, as long as life remains, you will cherish a fond affection for them. But I beseech you to keep in mind, that you are to leave father and mother, brothers and sisters, and cleave to your husband, and you *two* are to be one. Now in your new situation *your* home and your husband's home are one, and

you are to preside over it in the capacity of a faithful and affectionate wife. You are to care for him and his children; and you are not at liberty to neglect the least of these duties. Now I most earnestly entreat you, by all the tender ties that can exist among mortals, to banish for ever from your mind those thoughts which you have dwelt upon this morning. Your health, your happiness, and the happiness of your husband and family, all depend on you. Rally your energies, and go cheerfully to your domestic concerns. Keep an eye to a kind Providence, and ask his protecting care, and do all in your power to make every thing pleasant and agreeable in the family on all occasions."

During all this time she gave me strict attention. I found that her mind was impressed with the sentiments I had uttered. I concluded, after giving some directions relative to her regimen, to leave her to her own reflections. I saw her again in a few days, and was greatly delighted to discover her apparently cheerful and happy, directing her energies to her household concerns; and I never again heard a murmur of unhappiness on the above accounts. She and her husband, together with his children, appeared to live happily together.

But this lady's health declined; her cough increased—the purulent expectoration became more copious—night sweats came on, her feet became endemitous, and nothing favorable could be anticipated in her case. A few weeks before her death, she asked me what I thought of her situation. I hesitated for a moment, which she noticed, and said: "Doctor, don't hesitate a moment to give me your opinion of my real condition." I told her that from the symptoms then present, there was much reason to fear that her lungs were seriously invaded by disease, and that after a careful attention to her case, my mind was led to draw an unfavorable conclusion.

"I am fully prepared for the event," said she, "and was well satisfied of my situation before. There is, (she continued,) Doctor, one subject on my mind that I wish to communicate to you before you go. You remember my complaints sometime since. Your kind admonitions were of great assistance to me, and I hope you will be rewarded, sweetly rewarded for them. But a merciful Providence saw into the inmost recesses of my heart; and rather than this family should be interrupted in its harmony by my admission into it, he has thought proper to remove me and take me to himself. And it is all right. I have been made as sensible of this as any circumstance could possibly be made to any mortal on earth. But O! Doctor, if I had my time to live over again, I would devote it to the welfare of this family. That dear girl that I thought was so ugly, and inattentive to my comforts, was not the least in fault. It was myself alone that was to blame. You have seen how she sits by the hour and reads the precious Bible to me. O! had I my time to live over again, how I would manifest my gratitude to my heavenly Father, and seek every occasion to render my dear husband and children contented and happy."

VOL. II.—12

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

"Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

My frightened soul! why is thy trust
So feeble in thy God?
He knows thou art enshrined in dust,
Thy Father wields the rod.
Fear not! His tender hand shall be
Thy own unfailing stay;
His love shall cheer and strengthen thee,
Through all life's tearful way.

Hence! ye dark clouds that veil my sky
With forms of coming ill;
My Rock, my Refuge, ever nigh,
Will guide, and guard me still;
And heavenly hope shall light the path
My trembling footsteps tread,
Her peaceful lustre shall illumine
The dwelling of the dead.

I will not fear that shadowy way,
Though robed in cypress gloom;
I will not shrink, for Jesus lay
Within the silent tomb.
A flood of glory lies beyond
Where Death's dark surges roll,
And there I know the Christian rests,
And bathes his weary soul.

I will not fear! for angels haunt
This vale we deem so drear;
And pour their heavenly melody
Into the dying ear.
It cannot be a grievous thing
To yield us to their trust,
And 'mid their gentle music, breathe
Away this worthless dust. M. R. K.

—•••••

Original.

SOLITUDE.

—
BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

HOLD converse with thyself, immortal man!
Seek nature's lone retreats, where stillness reigns,
And where the boisterous shout of joys or pains,
That make the earth a bedlam, come not. Scan
The deeds which make up thy life's little span;
And view thy silent thought, thy secret hopes,
And pry into the curtain'd future's scope,
And wisdom learn, before time's dropping sand
Shall drop no more! The sighing of the grove,
Breeze-shaken, shall thy wanderings reprove;
The voiceless silence shall a tone assume,
And call thee back to God, and bid thee rove
No more; and bird, and rill, and fragrant bloom,
With heavenly wisdom shall thy darken'd mind illumine!

Original.

LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF.

BY JOHN M'DONALD, OF POPLAR RIDGE.

THE biography of man is always interesting, because, like the phases of the moon, he is always changing. When we examine the history of the animal tribes we find them unchangeable in their habits. But man varies according to the circumstances by which he is surrounded.

The newspapers hereabouts have recently awakened considerable inquiry concerning the character and death of the illustrious Logan, a chief of the Mingo tribe of Indians. I have concluded that a sketch of this great man's life would be acceptable to your readers. It is thought the Ladies' Repository would be the proper place to record the character of this brave and highly gifted son of Ohio. Believing that the people of the west have inflicted wrongs upon the red men, it is but just to perpetuate the names of at least some of the highly gifted sons of the forest, among whom the name of Logan stands pre-eminent. The lamented B. Drake has done justice to the shades of Black Hawk and Tecumseh. It is my purpose to throw in my humble mite to commemorate the deeds of the brave, the eloquent Logan.

By the order of Providence the toils of the ladies are confined to the domestic sphere, such as nurturing children, attending to their education, and preparing them for the interesting drama which is being enacted on our planet. The males are exposed to the heat of the summer, and the frosts of winter. They fell the trees, raise cabins, clear the ground, turn up the furrow, provide subsistence, protect the domicile, and defend their country from invasion. When danger of any kind is present, the brave man instinctively steps in between woman and peril. He would be her sword and buckler, and defend her at the sacrifice of his life. The female heart, being made up of sympathy and gratitude, esteems or loves her brave defender.

The character and acts of Logan are only partially known at this distance of time; but in the little which has been handed down, he stands unrivaled in the lists of savage fame. His dauntless intrepidity in the field of battle was only equaled by his humanity and benevolence in peace, and his wisdom and eloquence in council.

Up to the year 1774, the Mingo tribe of Indians had their residence on the northwest bank of the river Ohio, at a place now known as the Mingo Bottom, three miles below where Steubenville has since arisen. There, in all probability, was the birth-place of Logan. Since the Mingoes retired, or rather were driven from that place, they have had no separate existence as a tribe or clan. They merged in the neighboring tribes, and lost their individuality. Indians who are now sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age, must, with solemn melancholy, reflect on the rapid innovations made upon them by the whites—their country wrested from them, and occupied by strangers, and they pushed off so fast and so frequently that they lost their own identity. Even

the names of their tribes are lost. If this was only a dream, it would be a most painful one; but when all is reality, how melancholy must be the reflection to the high-souled red man, who never brooks degradation, that he is thrust out from his home and the graves of his fathers!

"Logan was the son of Shikellimus. For magnanimity in war, and greatness of soul in peace, few in any nation ever surpassed him. He took no part in the French wars which ended in 1760, except that of peace-maker, and was always acknowledged the friend of the white people, until the year 1774, when his brother and several others of his family were murdered in the manner here related. In the spring of 1774 some Indians robbed the people on the Ohio, who were employed in exploring the lands to prepare for settlement. These land-jobbers were alarmed at the hostile carriage of the Indians, as they considered it, and collected at a place called Wheeling Creek, the site on which Wheeling is now built, and learning that there were two Indians on the river a little above them, one Captain Michael Cresup belonging to the exploring party, proposed to fall upon and kill them. His advice although opposed at first was followed; and a party, led by Cresup, proceeded and killed the two Indians. The same day, it being reported that some Indians had been discovered below Wheeling upon the river, Cresup and his party immediately marched to the place. At first they appeared friendly, and suffered the Indians to pass by unmolested and seat themselves lower down the river, at the mouth of Grave Creek. Cresup soon followed, attacked, and killed several of them, having one of his own men wounded by the fire of the Indians. Here some of the family of Logan were slain. The circumstances of the crime were exceedingly aggravating, inasmuch as the whites pretended no provocation by these Indians.

"Soon after this, other monsters in human shape, at whose head were Daniel Greathouse and one Tomlinson, committed a horrid murder upon a number of Indians, about thirty miles above Wheeling. Greathouse resided about the same place, but on the opposite side of the river from the Indian encampment. A party of thirty-two men was collected for this object, who secreted themselves, while Greathouse, under pretense of friendship, crossed the river, and visited them to ascertain their strength, which, on counting them, he found too numerous for his force in an open attack. These Indians, having heard of the late murder of their relations, had determined to be avenged of the whites, and Greathouse did not know the danger he was in until a squaw advised him of it in a friendly caution: 'Go home! go home!' said she. The sad requital this poor woman met with will presently appear. The wretch invited the Indians to come over the river and drink rum with him. This was a part of his plot to separate them that they might be more easily destroyed. The opportunity soon offered. A number being collected at a tavern in the white settlement, and considerably intoxicated, were fallen upon and all murdered except

a little girl. Among the murdered was a brother of Logan and his sister, whose delicate situation greatly aggravated the horrid crime. The remaining Indians on the other side of the river, on the hearing the firing, sent off two canoes with armed warriors. As they approached the shore, they were fired upon by the whites, who lay concealed, awaiting their approach. Nothing prevented their taking deadly aim, and many were killed and wounded, and the rest were obliged to return. This affair took place May 24, 1774. These were the events that led to a horrid Indian war, in which many innocent families were sacrificed to satisfy the vengeance of an incensed and injured people. The warriors now made ready for open conflict; and with Logan at their head, were prepared to meet the Big Knives, (as the Virginians were called, from their long swords,) in their own way.

"On the 12th day of July, 1774," says Mr. Withers, "as William Robinson, Thomas Hellen, and Coleman Brown were pulling flax in a field opposite the mouth of Simpson's Creek, Logan and his party approached unperceived, and fired at them. Brown fell instantly, perforated by several balls; and Hellen and Robinson unscathed, sought safety in flight. Hellen being an old man, was soon overtaken and made captive, but Robinson with the elasticity of youth ran a considerable distance before he was taken; and but for an untoward accident might have effected an escape. Believing that he was outstripping his pursuers, and anxious to ascertain the fact, he looked over his shoulder; but before he discovered the Indian giving chase he ran with such violence against a tree that he fell stunned with the shock and lay powerless and insensible. In this situation he was secured with cord, and when revived was taken back to the place where the Indians had Hellen in confinement, and where lay the lifeless body of Brown. They then set off to their towns, taking with them a horse which belonged to Hellen.

"When they had approached near enough to be distinctly heard, Logan (as is usual with them after a successful scout) gave the scalp halloo, and several warriors came out to meet them, and conducted the prisoners into the village. Here they passed through the accustomed ceremony of running the gauntlet, but with far different fortunes. Robinson, having been previously instructed by Logan, (who, from the time he made him his prisoner, manifested a kindly feeling towards him,) made his way, with but little interruption, to the council-house; but poor Hellen, from the decrepitude of age, and his ignorance of the fact that it was a place of refuge, was sadly beaten before he arrived at it; and when he at length came near enough, he was knocked down with a war club before he could enter. After he had fallen they continued to beat and strike him with such unmerciful severity that he would assuredly have fallen a victim to their barbarous usage, but that Robinson (at some peril for the interference) reached forth his hand and drew him within the sanctuary. When he had however recovered from the effects of the violent beating which he had received, he was relieved

from the apprehension of farther suffering by being adopted into an Indian family.

"A council was next convoked to resolve on the fate of Robinson, which caused in his breast feelings of the most anxious inquietude. Logan assured him that he should not be killed; but the council appeared determined that he should die, and he was tied to a stake. Logan then addressed them, and with much vehemence insisted that Robinson should be spared; and had the eloquence displayed on that occasion been less than Logan is believed to have possessed, it is by no means wonderful that he appeared to Robinson (as he afterwards said) the most powerful orator he ever heard. But commanding as his eloquence might have been, it seems not to have prevailed with the council; for Logan had to interpose otherwise than by argument or entreaty to succeed in the attainment of his object. Enraged at the pertinacity with which the life of Robinson was sought to be taken, and reckless of the consequences, he drew his tomahawk from his belt, and severing the cords which bound the devoted victim to the stake, led him in triumph to the cabin of an old squaw, by whom he was immediately adopted.

"After this, so long as Logan remained in the town where Robinson was, he was kind and attentive to him. Robinson remained with his adopted mother until he was redeemed under the treaty concluded at the close of the Dunmore campaign."

"The Virginia Legislature was in session, when the news of Logan's depredations was received at the seat of government. Gov. Dunmore immediately ordered out the militia to the number of three thousand men, half of whom, under Col. Andrew Lewis, were ordered towards the mouth of the Great Kanawha, while the Governor himself with the other half marched to a point on the Ohio, to fall upon the Indian towns in the absence of the warriors drawn off by the approach of the division under Col. Lewis. The Indians met this division at a place called Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, where a very bloody battle ensued. A detachment of three hundred men first fell in with them, and were defeated with great slaughter; but the other division coming up, the battle was protracted during the whole day. Never was ground maintained with more obstinacy. Every step was disputed until the darkness of night closed in upon the scene.

"The Indians slowly retreated; and while the Americans were preparing to pursue, an express arrived from Gov. Dunmore that he had concluded a treaty with the Indian chiefs. In this battle above one hundred and forty Americans were killed or wounded. Among the slain were Col. Charles Lewis, brother of Andrew, and Col. Field. These officers led the first division. Of the number of Indians destroyed we are ignorant, though very probably they were many, as their numbers were said to have been 1500.

"It was at the treaty held by Gov. Dunmore, before mentioned, with the principal men of the Mingoes, Shawnese, and Delawares, that the far-famed speech of Logan was delivered—not by himself in person; for

although desiring peace, he would not meet the Americans in council, but remained in his cabin in sullen silence, until a messenger was sent to him, to know whether he would accede to the proposals—on which occasion Logan, after shedding many tears for the loss of his friends, made the speech to the messenger, who well understood his language.”*

This messenger was the notorious renegade, Simon Girty, who was the principal guide of Gov. Dunmore's army to the Pickaway town on the Scioto river. Girty took with him Simon Kenton, (a name known to fame in our border wars,) who had been an inmate at his house in Fort Pitt for sometime previous. They went to Logan's wigwam, and there delivered their message, requesting him to meet Gov. Dunmore at Camp Charlotte, to treat of peace. He refused; but said if they would remain with him over night he would send his answer to Gov. Dunmore in the morning. This proposition being agreed to, in the course of the night he impressed his answer on Girty's mind, who immediately returned to Camp Charlotte, and delivered Logan's speech to the Governor and the Indian chiefs in council. This account of the matter I had from Gen. Kenton in 1850. The speech was as follows:

“I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat—if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last, long, bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen, pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Col. Cresup the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan—not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it—I have killed many—I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor the thought that Logan's is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.”

Thus ended those times of calamity commonly called Cresup's war.† The foregoing sublime address of the illustrious Mingo exhibits all the internal evidence of its savage paternity; although it is doubted by some if the production is not from one highly skilled in oratory.

Revenge is probably one of the strongest passions of the human heart. Where all the arts of civilization and Christianity, with its solemn sanctions, operate as a check to this passion, we see it burst forth. Perhaps it is more difficult to restrain than any other passion of the human heart. Although men, in a state of civilization, generally submit their grievances to the arbitration of law, yet we find that in many cases it is with the greatest reluctance. When we find ourselves injured in character, person, or property, what is gener-

ally the first impulse? Revenge. Such was the impulse by which Logan acted. He appealed to no umpire to redress his wrongs. He trusted to his tact in achieving ways and means for carrying his revenge into effect. Although he felt the softer sensibilities and sympathies of human nature, and wept for the death of his friends, yet with the next breath this noble savage proudly boasted, “I have killed many—I have fully glutted my vengeance!” as much as to say, “I have caused the white man to mourn in grief and sorrow for the injuries he has heaped upon me. I have not wept alone. My vengeance has caused aching heads and throbbing hearts. My revenge being satisfied, I am now willing to sheath the scalping knife, bury the tomahawk, and live in peace.” This is the language of nature.*

From this date (1774) we cannot learn that Logan engaged in war. The next official account we have of him, he is found performing an act of humanity and benevolence, by being the instrument, in the hand of Providence, of saving the life of that illustrious pioneer, Gen. Simon Kenton—an account of which can be found, beginning at page 230 of the *Life of Kenton*, by the writer of this article. In the year 1778 Gen. Kenton being taken captive by the Indians, a grand council was convened at Wapatomika (now Zanesville) to determine on the life or death of the prisoner. Several chiefs spoke in succession on this important subject; and with the greatest apparent deliberation the council decided, by an overwhelming majority, on his death. After the sentence of this grand court was announced, Girty went to Kenton, wept over and embraced him very tenderly, said that he very sincerely sympathized in his forlorn and unhappy situation, and that he had used all the efforts in his power to save his life, but in vain, for it was now decreed that he must die, and he could do no more for him.

It will be recollected that this was in the year 1778, in the midst of the American Revolution. Upper Sandusky was then the place where the British paid their western Indian allies their annuities; and as time might effect what his eloquence could not, Girty, as a last resort, persuaded the Indians to convey their prisoner to Sandusky, as there would collect vast numbers to receive their presents, and the assembled tribes could there witness the solemn scene of the death of the prisoner.

To this proposition the council agreed, and the prisoner was placed in the care of five Indians, who forthwith set off for Upper Sandusky. As the Indians pass-

* This shows how impure and hurtful all human passions are, and how needful religion is to quench in what are called “generous bosoms” the fires of hell; for revenge is diabolical, and has its origin with devils. Place such an one as Logan beside the Savior of the world. The former holds the reeking tomahawk in his hand, and exultingly exclaims, “*I have fully glutted my vengeance!*” The latter bows his head in crucifixion, crying, “*Father, forgive them!*” As to the tears of Logan for his friends, they were as meritorious as that instinct of the tiger which impels it to feed and guard its young. Christian philanthropy is another thing. It mourns not only for murdered friends, but it *weeps and prays for their murderers.*—Ed.

* Samuel G. Drake's *Indian Biography*. † Ibid.

ed from Wapatomika to Sandusky, they went through a small village near the Scioto, where resided the celebrated chief, Logan. Unlike the rest of his tribe, he was humane as he was brave. At his wigwam those who had the care of the prisoner remained over night. During the evening Logan entered into conversation with the prisoner. The next morning he told Kenton he would detain the party that day, and that he had sent two of his young men the night before to Upper Sandusky to speak a good word for him. In the course of the following evening his young men returned, and early the ensuing morning the guard set off with the prisoner for Upper Sandusky.

When Kenton's party set off from Logan, he kindly shook hands with the prisoner, but gave no intimation of what might probably be his fate. The party went on with Kenton till they came in view of the Sandusky town. The Indians, young and old, came out to meet and welcome the warriors, and to see the prisoner, of whom so much had been said. Here he was not compelled to run the gauntlet, as on former occasions. This he considered a good omen. Hope, sweet hope, buoys us up to bear the most grievous calamities, though that hope be evanescent as a passing meteor. A grand council was immediately convened to determine the fate of Kenton. This was the fourth council assembled to dispose of his life.

As soon as this grand court was organized and ready to proceed to business, a Canadian Frenchman, by the name of Peter Druyer, who was a captain in the British service, dressed in the gaudy appendages of the British uniform, made his appearance in the council. This Druyer was born at Detroit. He was connected with the British Indian agent department, and was their principal interpreter in settling Indian affairs, which made him a man of great consequence among the Indians. It was to this influential man that the good chief, Logan, the friend of humanity, sent his young men to intercede for the life of Kenton. His selecting the agent, who it was most probable could save the life of the prisoner, proves his judgment and his knowledge of the human heart.

As soon as the grand council was organized, Captain Druyer requested permission to address them, which permission was instantly granted. He began his speech by stating that it was well known to be the wish and interest of the English that not an American should be left alive; that the Americans were the cause of the present bloody and distressing war; that neither peace nor safety could be expected so long as these intruders were permitted to live upon the earth. This part of his speech received repeated grunts of approbation. He next reminded the council that the war to be carried on successfully required cunning as well as bravery; that the information which could be extorted from the prisoner might be of more real benefit, in conducting the future operations of the war, than would be the death of twenty prisoners; that he had no doubt but the commanding officer at Detroit could procure information from the prisoner that would be of incalculable

advantage to them in the future progress of the war. Under these circumstances he hoped they would defer the death of the prisoner till he was taken to Detroit and examined by the commanding general, after which he could be brought back, and if advisable be put to death in any way they might think proper. He next noticed that they had had a great deal of trouble and fatigue with the prisoner without being avenged upon him; but they had retaken all the horses the prisoner had stolen from them, and killed one of his comrades, and to insure them something for their fatigue and trouble, he would give one hundred dollars if they would intrust him with the prisoner to be taken to Detroit to be there examined by the English general.

The council, without hesitation, acceded to Captain Druyer's proposition, and the ransom money was paid. These arrangements being concluded, Captain Druyer and a principal chief set off with the prisoner for Lower Sandusky. From Lower Sandusky they proceeded by water in a canoe to Detroit, where they arrived in a few days. Here the prisoner was handed over to the commanding officer, and lodged in the fort as a prisoner of war. He was now out of danger from the caprice of the Indians, and was treated with the kindness due to prisoners of war in civilized countries. The British commander gave the Indians some additional remuneration for the prisoner, and they returned satisfied to join their countrymen at Wapatomika.

Thus was Logan the instrument in the hands of Providence of saving, for future usefulness, the life of the prince of pioneers, Gen. Simon Kenton. Their bodies contained congenial souls. They were both thunderbolts in war. Both were humane and benevolent. Their hospitality was only circumscribed by their means to relieve the wants and distresses of their fellow men. Both were illiterate sons of nature. Their greatness and elevation of soul were not acquired in the schools of art. To the God of nature and of grace alone were they indebted for their excellences. In one particular the Mingo had the advantage over the pioneer. The high-souled Logan could pour forth a melting, a sublime, a thrilling eloquence which charmed the hearer, whilst the heroic Kenton had no skill to play the orator. The names and actions of these two lofty, dauntless spirits will live in the memory of the west as long as the Ohio and Mississippi roll their waters to the ocean.*

Although Captain Peter Druyer was the acting and immediate agent in saving the life of Kenton, the master spirit, the genius of Logan, gave direction and impulse to the machinery which eventually snatched him from a cruel and painful death. This is the last official account we have of the doings of the Mingo chief.

It appears from Logan's account of himself that he was an isolated being in the world, without children or kindred to soothe him in his declining years. Tradition says

* General Simon Kenton recently died, a Christian, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—Ed.

that a gloomy melancholy took possession of his once vigorous mind, when he reflected that there were none to mourn for or sympathize with him in his misfortunes or distresses, or even to lament his death. Under such an exquisite sense of loneliness, to drive off melancholy in his latter days he became careless of his former fame, and indulged in the baneful practice of intemperance to such a degree as to nearly obliterate all evidence of his former greatness. It is melancholy and heart-rending to behold so many of our highly gifted, debased and ruined by the use of ardent spirits. And what is much to be lamented is, that this vice is most prevalent among those of an exquisite sensibility, whose souls appear to abound in human kindness, and whose social, warm hearts impel them to rejoice with those that rejoice. Thus their social virtues, their accommodating, kindly feelings lead them in the way of temptation.

The last account tradition gives of the distinguished Logan, is that he was murdered in a drunken frolic, while on his return from Detroit to his house on the Scioto. No one knows where repose the bones of the illustrious Mingo, whose march "in peace was like the breath of spring, and in war like the mountain storm."

The foregoing narrative is respectfully inscribed to the ladies of Ohio for their amusement and instruction. The aim of the writer was to point out the virtues, the vices, the perils, the sufferings, and the magnanimity of one of the heroes of other days, a native son of Ohio. Should his humble lucubrations call forth their sympathy, for the calamities, errors, and sufferings of the brave, and turn their charitable attention to the remnant of our aboriginal tribes, the writer will feel amply compensated for his labor.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

FLOWERS! fresh flowers, with your fragrance free,
Have you come in your queenly robes to me?
Me have you sought from your far retreat,
With your greeting lips and your dewy feet,
And the upward glance of your radiant eye,
Like angel-guests from a purer sky?

But where did ye hide when the frost drew near,
And your many sisters were blanched with fear?
Where did ye hide? with a blush as bright
As ye wore amid Eden's vales of light,
Ere the wile of the tempter its bliss had shamed,
Or the terrible sword o'er its gateway flamed.

Flowers, sweet flowers, with your words of cheer,
Thanks to the friend who hath sent you here;
For this may her blossoms of varied dye
Be the fairest and first 'neath a vernal sky,
And she be led, by their whisper'd lore,
To the love of that land where they fade no more.

Original.

A PARODY.

MR. HAMLINE.—Supposing that one of the principal objects of the Repository is so to operate upon the minds of the female portion of society as to enlist their influence in opposition to any thing in the habits or principles of the other sex, incompatible with correct taste, generous sentiments, sound morals, or Christian piety, I have thought that the following *extemporaneous* effusion might not be deemed altogether inappropriate to its pages; and, with this view, it is respectfully placed at your disposal. I will only add, that though the *manner* of it, in places, may appear to be somewhat playful and satirical, it is intended, in all sober seriousness, not merely to amuse, but to contribute (however little) to the edification of the reader.

THE COXCOMB.

HAD I subdued my country's foes,
Or could all nature's secrets scan,
I must be measur'd by my clothes—
It is the finery makes the man.

THE MISER.

Could I to all give balmy health,
And lengthen out their earthly span,
I must be measur'd by my wealth—
It is the gold that makes the man.

THE LIBERTINE.

What though with Howard I should go,
Where'er man pines in misery wan,
And thence expel the voice of woe—
'Tis rum and riot make the man.

THE DEIST.

Let fools and children—for 'tis meet—
Believe the Bible, if they can;
To sneer, and call it all a cheat—
'Tis this, as I think, makes the man.

THE ATHEIST.

What though your priests and men of lore
Behold in all things Wisdom's plan;
To scout a God, and chance adore—
'Tis surely *this* that makes the man.

THE CHRISTIAN.

'Tis not the coxcomb's dainty dress,
Nor yet the miser's heaps of gold,
The shameless libertine far less,
Doth man's true dignity unfold;
Still less than these the deist proud,
And least of all the atheist clan—
God from above proclaims aloud,
'Tis FAITH IN CHRIST that makes the man.
J. S. T.

THE MILLENIUM.

PASS on—relentless years! Ye bring
Nearer the golden age of time—
When man, no more an abject thing,
Shall from the sleep of ages spring,
With new-born life, and proudly fling
Aside his bondage and his crime,
And rising in his manhood, be
What God designed him—PURE AND FREE!

NOTICES.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY, *from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire.* By Rev. H. H. Milman. With a Preface and Notes, by James Murdock, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is not a history of the visible Church, only as the visible Church may historically, philosophically, and politically stand connected with naked Christianity. It is not intended to trace the open organizations of Christianity, but "its influence on the history of man, and its relation to human happiness and social improvement."

Milman is a well known and a most engaging writer. This may probably prove to be his *great work*, the fairest monument of his erudition. For his own sake and the public's sake it were better that his "History" had been composed in the spirit of a pure evangelism—with a more rigid regard to the just principles of Biblical interpretation. His first work, though possessing many historical excellences, created suspicions in the public mind which this history will not tend to allay, but confirm. His edition of Gibbon with notes is valuable, and may be read with comparative safety. But it is grievous to find that in the present work there are views taken of certain portions of Scripture, which are nearly in harmony with the school of Gesenius, and subversive of the plainest truths of the Bible. Let the reader be cautious in her progress through this volume to select the precious from the vile; its historical statements, from those comments on the sacred text which are rationalistic, and tend to corrupt the *pure Word of God*.

LABOR. *A Baccalaureate Address delivered before the Senior Class, Dickinson College, July 7, 1841.* By John M'Clintock, A. M., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.—This is an excellent production. It argues and urges the importance of diligence in the cultivation of mind, and in all mental enterprise. It insists that eminent usefulness must be the result of vigorous and unremitting effort—that brilliant genius is nought, unless it be trained by close application to years of toil. The doctrine is true, *toto calo*. We would not even allow the usual exceptions in cases like Shakspeare: for although there may be indications of native genius in some instances of an indolent course of life, there is no large amount of rich and *wholesome* fruit produced by minds subjected to such abuse. Even Shakspeare must have been a *working mind*.

The author of this address wields a vigorous pen. He is remarkable for original and sound views, which are expressed in very forcible language; and we read his productions with no ordinary pleasure. This Address should have been served up to the public in another form; like that of "The Witnessing Church," by Lane and Sandford. Its dress might yet be changed to advantage, so as to be welcomed to the drawing-room, amongst the ladies' Annuals. We extract the following:

"You are in the midst of an ever-working universe. Is it necessary to tell you that you cannot form an exception to the general activity? That as you have the power to work, and feel the command of your nature urging you to work, so you must work, or pay the penalty of your disobedience? It is necessary that you should be told all this, and that the lesson should be graven on your hearts by frequent repetition; for, after all, though the word of God, and his Spirit within us, and the multiplied voices of nature around us, all call upon us to fulfill our high destinies by constant activity and untiring labor, our degenerate hearts tend strongly to indolence, and our sluggish spirits fall in love with ease. * * *

"To point out the way of success in life, is no easy task. I cannot pretend to lay open any path which will lead unerringly to the goal; to offer any plan of life whose issue must be success. But the easier duty is before me, of telling you that you can travel in none of the beaten ways of the world, nor carve out any new road for yourselves, without *labor*. If I cannot assure you of success, even with the most faithful effort, I can foretell your failure without it. It does not need the prophet's eagle vision to penetrate thus far into the cloudy future; feeble as is the light which experience throws upon man's dim and

perilous way, it is strong enough for this. I sympathize with the poet's exclamation—

'O what a glorious animal were man

Knew he but his own powers, and knowing, gave them
Room for their growth and spread:'

but let those powers be what they may, they will not only remain without fruit, but wither and decay, unless kept alive and vigorous by exercise. The sinew and muscle of the mind, like those of the body, may be strengthened by activity or enervated by repose. But until you make the experiment of action, and put yourself to the test of toil, you know not what stuff you are made of, nor what faculties you possess. Do you wish to know what you are? Act, and you shall find out. Slumber, and you shall never know. In action alone does a man's nature project itself into a living, tangible, intelligible reality; in action alone is his true character unfolded. * * *

"There are many young persons of romantic temperament that look forward to the attainment of the highest ends of human life without dreaming of the price that must be paid for them. They are for ever building castles in the air. The future is their dreamy home. Their imagination is more potent than Aladdin's lamp. They dwell in cloud-land and fill it with their own gorgeous creations. To their ardent spirits, time and distance are nothing; they pass through space with fairy speed, and bear down barriers with a giant's arm. Alas! that they should wake from these enchantments, and say, 'Lo! it was but a dream!'"

THE ENQUIRER. *Containing a series of Letters to Professing Christians.* By Edward C. Delavan.—This is the first number of a new periodical in quarto form; published at Albany, N. Y., by the editor. It will be devoted to the discussion of the question, "What kind of wine is proper to be used at the Lord's supper?" The first number is sufficiently rich in information to excite the deepest interest. It gathers facts from sources near and remote—from the usages and testimony of Jews and Gentiles, which are of great moment to the Christian world, and which go to show that the question, "What kind of wine?" &c., may well be proposed for the consideration of the Church.

Mr. Delavan, if any one, is worthy to be heard on this subject, or on any other connected with temperance. He has done more for the holy cause than any other man in America, or in the world. It is said that he has freely contributed some seventy thousand dollars out of his own estate to promote the reform, extending his beneficence to Europe for that purpose.

He does not propose to *reject wine* from the eucharist. He only contends for such wine as the Jews are said to set forth at the passover, viz., "the unfermented juice of the grape." Whether he shall accomplish his aim or not, two things are quite certain. First: The wine now commonly used at the eucharist is in part whisky, or some other ardent spirits, disguised by admixtures impure and villanous. Second: Our worst reformed drunkards cannot partake of the eucharist in this sort, without the utmost danger; they themselves testifying that a sip of the cup awakens "the tiger" in them. In these circumstances it is a question with us if we ought not to triumph over Mr. Delavan in argument, or fall in with his proposition. The first will not be so easy as the last, *by several days' toil*.

N. B. Several Methodist, Presbyterian, and perhaps other churches in this city, now use exclusively, unfermented wine.

FACTS IN MESMERISM, *with Reasons for a Dispassionate Inquiry into it.* By Rev. Chauncey Hare Townshend, A. M., late of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. New York: Harper and Brothers.—Mesmerism is more commonly known under the name of, Animal Magnetism. It has at various periods during the present century engrossed much attention, especially in Germany, that land of wonders, where credulity and scepticism go hand in hand—where sober truth is too often scorned, and the wildest fancies are received as sacred verities. The following contents of Mr. Townshend's book will inform our readers as to his plan and aim.

"Review of the Causes that have made Mesmerism unpopular, and which render it a Subject difficult to be treated. Mesmeric Somnambulism, or, more properly, Sleepwalking.

Showing the Claims of Mesmeric Sleepwaking to be considered a peculiar Condition of Man. Showing certain of the physical and metaphysical Conditions of Mesmeric Sleepwaking. Conformity of Mesmerism with our general Experience. On the Mesmeric Consciousness. On Mesmeric Sensation. On the Medium of Mesmeric Sensation. The Mesmeric Medium. Testimony of A. Vandevyver, M. Van Owenhuysen, Dr. Foissac, Viscount N—, Baron de Carlowiz, A Friend, Dr. Wild, Professor Agassiz, Dr. Filippi, Signor Ranieri."

For ourselves we have none, not the least respect for Mesmerism, nor for those who go about to practice it. Some, like Mr. Townshend, may good naturedly form favorable opinions of both, but we have more esteem for their honesty than for their judgment. Our opinion has not been made up without examination. But every step of the examination confirmed us in the belief that this "science," as it is called, is a dishonest imposture. This is no reason why those who wish should not read the book before us.

SKETCH OF A SERMON, delivered before the North Carolina Bible Society, at its Anniversary, in the City of Raleigh, on Sunday, the 12th of December, 1841. By Charles M. F. Deems, Agent of the American Bible Society.—We have had time only to glance at this sermon. Judging from some paragraphs, it treats forcibly and eloquently of the unspeakable value of God's Revelation, presenting it as *living light*, as *growing seed*, and as *powerful* in its influence over sin and sinners. The following extract will be acceptable to the reader.

"The preaching of 'the word of God,' how powerful it has been! Before it the bold face has blanched and the stout heart quailed. The proud boast of the wicked has been silenced, the mockings of the fool have been hushed. The lion and the tiger have been tamed, and the heart of the lamb has been made powerful for good. The torrent intellect which was devastating whole regions of mind has been turned into the channels of beneficence, and the powers that stagnated in indolence have been sent forth to irrigate the waste and weary land. It has thrown open the prison doors and set the captive free. It has poured light in upon the depths of darkness. It has gone into the midst of communities, and under its influence, the ignorant have become wise, the churl liberal, the spendthrift economical, the vulgar refined, and the sinner a saint. Like oil it has allayed the tumultuous waves of strife. It has dashed down misrule, trampled upon anarchy, and lifted up the comely form of fainting order. It has extended the sceptre of mercy, and arranged the scales of justice. It has reformed the laws and their executor. As the word of God has been spoken out by the lips of truth, empires have been convulsed, crowns have fallen, and kingdoms have passed away. Its *consolations* have been as powerful as its reformatory energy. The widow and orphan have had their hearts to leap within them, and the fainting traveler over earth's desert has felt the gift of new life as this Word of Power has called him to the waters. Its power has disrobed death of its terrors and deprived the grave of its victory; and the weak child and feeble woman have calmly walked down to their resting-place with a holy smile on their countenances."

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT of the Foreign Evangelical Society; presented at the Annual Meeting, held in the Mercer-street Church, New York, on Tuesday Evening, May 11, 1841.—This Report glances at the moral and religious states of Papal and anti-Papal Europe. It speaks of Northern Europe as presenting some encouraging tokens of moral improvement and returning life. Evangelical ministers and Christians are increasing, and there are hopeful signs of revival. Southern Europe contains a Catholic population of one hundred millions, and an anti-Catholic population of only thirteen millions. In regard to the prospects of Southern Europe, the following thoughts selected from the Report are of great and encouraging interest:

"But we meet here a still more important inquiry than that which respects the origin of this ecclesiastical division of the nations of Europe. It is this; are the delusions of the Papacy never to be removed from this interesting portion of the world? The elements which shall compose the answer, are probably to be found in prophecies and in the 'signs of the times.'"

When we look at the prophetic page, which evidently refers to scenes not yet witnessed, we are induced to believe, that the day cannot be far distant when what is called the Man of Sin, that power which exalteth itself against God, and sitteth in God's temple, as if it were God, will be destroyed by the sword of the Spirit, and the brightness of His coming, whose right it is to reign, and to whom the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven will be given. Another aspect of this question is seen in those incipient movements which are now witnessed in southern Europe, and which are different from any ever made on that field; and which, while they avoid the political alliances that characterized the Reformation, are only the more potent in their independence. The single fact that the Bible has never been extensively read by the inhabitants of southern Europe, and is now rapidly introduced, is to him that knows the power of the Bible, a pledge given by the providence of God, that the day of redemption is approaching.

"And none can doubt that it is our duty, as it is our privilege, to concur with all that are laboring to bring about this glorious event. From our hearts we exclaim, *Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly.*"

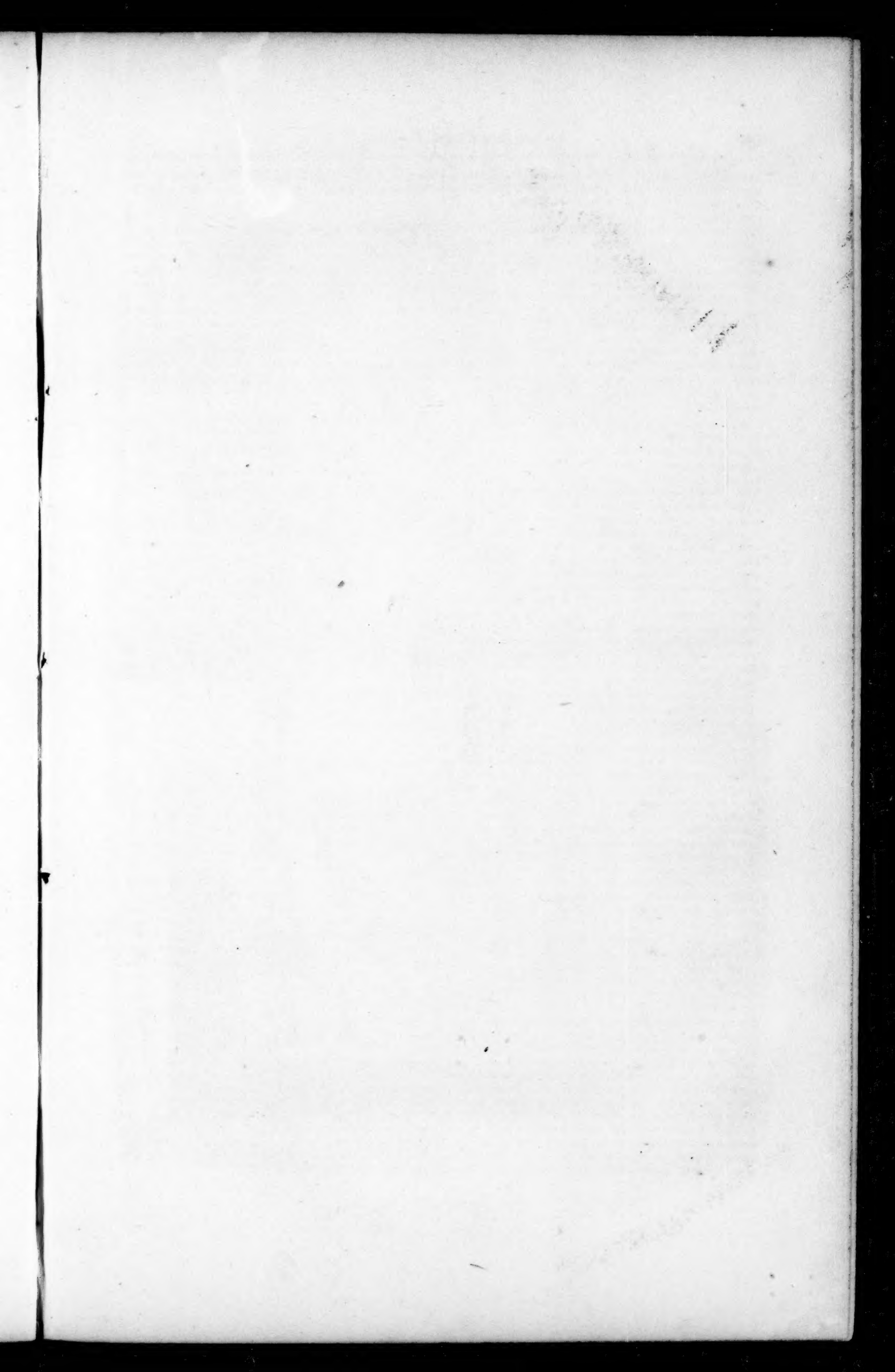
No document in the form of a report has recently fallen into our hands, which contains more valuable and interesting matter than that of the "Foreign Evangelical Society."

POCAHONTAS, and other Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mrs. Sigourney has earned a fair fame among her contemporaries. Her productions, however, have hitherto seemed to be of an impulsive character. She has written much, impromptu, but many of her fugitive pieces were stamped with unequivocal marks of poetic genius. The work before us contains one poem, Pocahontas, of twenty 12mo. pages, with explanatory notes. Its theme is the *facts* which history has transmitted to us concerning the savage princess whom it commemorates, helped out by the fancy sketches of a fruitful, but chastened imagination. The work contains in addition to this respectable epic, more than one hundred brief effusions, several of them among her best productions. "The Winter Noddy" is a specimen.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. Catalogue of the Corporation, Faculty, Students; and Laws of the Institute. Buckingham county, Virginia.—This is, in our opinion, a model institution for young ladies. It is what its name imports, a college for females. The Collegiate Department has first, second, junior and senior classes, and the course of study is as thoroughly classical and scientific as that of most American universities. Its regulations for mental toil and moral discipline are excellent, and it is under the supervision of the following able Faculty: Rev. Perlee B. Wilber, A. M., President and Professor of Natural Science, Belles Lettres, and Ancient Languages. Rev. George W. Blain, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Moral Science. Mrs. Mary C. Wilber, Governess, and Preceptress in the Ornamental Branches. Miss Sarah A. Heustis, Assistant Governess, and Preceptress in the English Department. Miss Samantha Brightman, Assistant Governess, and Assistant Classical Teacher. Miss Mary E. Bailey, Preceptress in Instrumental and Vocal Music.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Many of our correspondents decline giving us their names. In such cases, if we publish their productions, we cannot give them as *original*. That word pledges what we cannot be responsible for before the public. We have already said that the names of our correspondents will not be divulged without their consent. Indeed, hereafter we shall not give the names of correspondents unless they may have already acquired some notoriety as writers. Those who are "unknown to fame" will in this manner, if at all, acquire reputation. Let them write on, till like the "Great Unknown," the world shall long to find them out. "Patience" should be their motto, and if they cannot adopt it, there is no great hope concerning them.





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